

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME LXV. }

No. 3675 December 12, 1914

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VOL. CCLXXXIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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## GODS OF WAR.

Fate waits us from the pygmies' shore:

We swim beneath the epic skies:  
A Rome and Carthage war once more,  
And wider empires are the prize;  
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo,  
these  
Our iron dragons of the seas!

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep  
The winged chariots take their flight.  
The steely creatures of the deep  
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.  
Below, above, in wave, in air,  
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword  
Those stars that burst with fiery  
breath:

More loud the battle cries are poured  
Along a hundred leagues of death.  
So do they fight. How have ye  
warred,

Defeated armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour;  
His victory, whoever fail;  
His prophets have not lost their  
power:

Cæsar and Attila prevail.  
These are your legions still, proud  
ghosts,  
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of  
Peace!

With the fleet circling of the suns  
The ancient gods their power increase.  
Lo, how thine own anointed ones  
Do pour upon the warring bands  
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts  
born

Could overthrow the pride of kings?  
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.  
His Dove its gold and silver wings  
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in  
flame

In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay  
Lip reverence that the heart denies,  
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day

The thunderer from the epic skies,  
More than the Prince of Peace? Is  
Thor

Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,  
Those gods whose names are with us  
still.

Men in their image made of old  
The high companions of their will.  
Who seek an airy empire's pride,  
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon  
For flags of battle to be furled  
While life was yet at the high noon.  
Come in the twilight of the world:  
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn  
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

A. E.

The Times.

## CONDOLENCE.

The language wherein Goethe did  
record

Wedlock of Christian Art with pagan  
Joy—

Of Faust with Helen, and Calvary  
with Troy—

That tongue I speak not; but at yon  
key-board,

Which is the grandchild of the harpsi-  
chord,

Rapt have I sat and listened from a  
boy,

While Schubert's, Schumann's gold  
without alloy

Flashed amid thunder, from my own  
hands poured.

Bach, his great coils by giant shuttles  
woven,

Companioned oft my youth; and oft  
this soul

By Wagner's Siegfried-sword was  
pierced and cloven:

And with the sorrowing earth would  
I condole,

Hearing Man's masterpiece of dis-  
sonance roll

From the same mighty breast that  
nursed Beethoven.

William Watson.

The Saturday Review.

**THE DIFFICULTIES OF AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.**

It is a simple matter for a Government to issue a proclamation of neutrality. To persuade or compel a nation collectively and individually to observe such a neutrality has always been difficult, and under present conditions the United States Government is finding it an almost impossible task. It is a thankless job at best, for each nation at war is naturally and constantly meeting with rebuff in its efforts to take advantage, hence no one is completely satisfied. As matters now stand, America is practically the only Great Power not involved by treaty or otherwise, directly or indirectly, in the present conflict. The population contains large elements of foreign born, affiliated more or less strongly with this or that people at war. The American trading community now holds vast stores of goods seeking export, and in normal times is an important purveyor to the daily need of the people of Europe.

The countries at war are all large importers of foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods. America has been the source of supply to a large extent, hence the efforts of all belligerents are now concentrated upon America, in an attempt, in one way or another, to secure more especially a continuation of shipment of food, raw materials needed in manufacture, and of gold. In a war like the present practically all supplies are contraband, for the efforts of combatants are directed towards an economic as well as an armed defeat of the enemy. The recent increase of imports reported from the smaller countries of Europe not yet involved in the war is indisputable evidence of increased export in some direction, for the tendency of industry at this time is towards stagnation, and imports would naturally

show a decided decrease if the demand was based upon normal home consumption and trade.

In considering the present position of the American Government and the American people, it is well to bear in mind certain facts. The total population approximates one hundred million, with a very high percentage of effectiveness in this number. This means that America has to-day the largest effective population, judged by modern standards, of any country in the world. A long reign of free thought, free speech, and a free Press have resulted in little or no control by the Government of peaceful action or of public opinion, nor is any attempted. In other words, the people of the United States are given a freedom of deed and utterance such as is unknown elsewhere, even in England, for in England in normal times there are still topics upon which the Press preserves considerable reticence. The rights or wrongs, the desirability or undesirability of such extreme freedom are not for discussion at the moment, for even in times of peace this is controversial. The fact remains, however, that it does exist, and consequently little or no attention has been paid by Americans to President Wilson's mild though earnest request that the Press and the people should hold themselves absolutely neutral. There is a vast neutrality manifest in the news columns of the American papers. So true is this that both elements at war have shown irritation at favors shown the opposition. Both sides are getting a hearing and at length. The leaders, or editorials as they are called in America, quite generally lean one way or another in the discussion of the war, but it is also a well-known fact

that the day of the leader-writer in America has gone. Some newspapers of the highest standing and largest circulations have almost abandoned the use of leaders, which even when used are seldom taken seriously by the public, and less so in the offices of the papers themselves, excepting possibly by the proprietors of the journals, who quite generally overrate their own personal importance.

The news is the thing in America, and much of it is given in the form of the personal interview, a feature of journalism developed to its highest possibilities across the Atlantic. Through the interview any side of a case may be stated, and if the party interviewed has any claim to consideration through position or accomplishment, the interview is treated as a piece of valuable news or, in other words, as a triumph for the paper securing the same. This is the most usual form in which a bid is made for public attention, and as the paper itself takes no responsibility for the views expressed, nor guarantees the genuineness of alleged facts set forth, it makes no difference whether the ideas set forth coincide with the attitude of the paper itself, or whether the statements made conflict with those in the news columns or not. This method of journalism is strikingly illustrated in all political campaigns. It often occurs that the "opposition" gets more space, and consequently more advertising, than the party with which the journal may be aligned. Special correspondents follow all candidates for high office, and full credit is given both sides for all their successes or enthusiasm aroused. There are naturally some exceptions to this method of conducting American newspapers, but on the whole it is true as regards the papers of highest standing and most independent existence.

To print all the news, that is, every-

thing in which anyone might be interested, is the ambition of the American newspaper publisher. It follows, therefore, that in any big, vital controversy all sides get a hearing in one form or another, and many believe that with full confidence in a cause the best way to kill the opposition is to give it full swing. There is a homely American saying to the effect that if you give a calf rope enough it will hang itself, and the course thus indicated was successfully followed in the presidential campaigns, wherein W. J. Bryan, now Secretary of State, talked himself to death as a presidential possibility. Noise and smoke do not win a battle; it is the quality of the projectiles and the accuracy of their flight. This is all closely concerned with the treatment of the present international situation by the American Press. Every word that can be secured from the countries now at war will be published; it makes no difference what its source or by what motive it is inspired. To refuse to print an interview with someone worth while because the statements made were not believed, or because they did not fit in with the views of the proprietors of the paper, would be considered lack of enterprise. To refuse to print "official" news sent from London, Berlin, Paris, or Vienna because it was "official," and therefore undoubtedly prejudiced, would be to run the risk of possibly not printing all the news, the nightmare of every responsible American journalist. And then again, it must be admitted that it would be unfair to the readers of a paper of general and indiscriminate circulation in a neutral country, and especially in America, where many thousands of people are still not only interested, but actually sympathetic with the land they left perhaps not so very long ago. As a rule, a paper is bought by an American not because of the party affiliations of that paper, but



because he likes it best as a vendor of the news of the world. This is the real reason why so many American newspapers are run upon independent lines politically, and so classify themselves.

What would happen in America as concerns the Press, if that country ever engaged in a real modern war, no man can say. During the war with Spain, only sixteen years ago, every movement of troops and ships, every act of every public man, was blazoned to the world almost in advance of the actual occurrence. Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of this state of affairs, she would have needed no intelligence bureau, for the American Press served most effectively in that capacity for the enemy. It is possible that a situation sufficiently grave to endanger the country would curb newspaper enterprise and enable the Government to exercise control, but it would certainly require a most drastic educational process, and it is inconceivable that any such immediate success of newspaper censorship as was witnessed in England in August, and still exists, could be achieved in America until costly experience brought home to the papers the folly of undue publicity and the Government acquired sufficient political courage to act with finality.

Under these conditions, therefore, to expect the American Press to champion one side of a foreign controversy to the extent of suppressing the other is a hope based upon a non-understanding of American conditions. It would be this same misunderstanding that would attach any serious importance to the publication in full of the arguments on both sides of a controversy, even when the leader page may strongly favor a single point of view. It is due to the effort made to meet the needs of a constituency holding every point of view and in the spirit of a fair neutrality. The American

newspapers are going to print all the news they can get, and the nation exercising the greatest restriction upon outgoing news will pay the price. To say, for instance, that any information printed in English newspapers shall not be cabled to America for fear it might reach the enemy is an absurdity; there is already plenty of evidence that all such things reach the continent by a much shorter route. To suppress, or even seriously censor, a published account of an event taken place, the details of which must naturally be fully known to the participants, friends and enemies alike, seems somewhat over-cautious, to say the least.

Any attempt on the part of the American Government to dictate as to what shall or shall not be printed concerning the war would be resented and disregarded. The present war is not looked upon as a matter of domestic concern, but one of exterior affairs, with America as the "innocent bystander," and, as is often the case in large as well as small conflicts, it is the bystander who gets hurt. It has not yet fully dawned upon Americans just how deeply they are and will be affected by this struggle-at-arms in Europe, for the political and economic changes now begun are absolutely international in their full meaning. A stronger realization of these things will come soon; there are already signs that it is on the way, and then these much-discussed questions as to the blame for the beginning of trouble or for subsequent destruction and the sufferings of the civil population will be dismissed from the American mind, for the time at least, and the greater question, one upon which the entire nation will be as a unit, how to aid in bringing about peace, will absorb all thought and energy. At present there can be no reasonable expectation of securing the unanimous

support of the Press for any one side of the present controversy, and this applies equally to the state of public opinion.

England is Motherland to many Americans, and Germany, France, Belgium, Austria, Serbia, Russia, and other countries are the Fatherlands of ten times as many. Sentiment governs largely in these matters, and as the heart leans so will the mind show its prejudice. There is also a large element in America whose viewpoint of foreign affairs is enormously detached. No sentiment sways one way or another. Some may still feel the influence of a German university, some that of Oxford; some may still dream of younger years spent in Paris, but a greater number with no real knowledge of European politics will draw conclusions according to their information and their light. These conclusions may not find favor with one or the other of the combatants, and yet they are formed in sober thought and perfect honesty. Americans can well be forgiven considerable perplexity at the present moment, for few are students of foreign politics, and while intelligent and quick to learn, their thoughts are now turned with violence and suddenness to a study of the most complicated game of international affairs the world has ever seen. Nevertheless, public opinion in America has developed along certain lines and with a swiftness which has astonished many who, while priding themselves upon their knowledge of the American people, now find that they had failed to grasp the underlying forces at work in this new nation, lacking in subtleties to the superficial observer. At a summer school in New England, where none of the children is over twelve years of age, and where all had been removed from the influence of parents for a period some time preceding the beginning of war, the teachers gave

heed to the admonition of President Wilson as to the proper neutrality of the individual, and so instructed their charges. One day in September, as the school was singing the usual songs in unison, the children astonished and discomfited their teachers by suddenly substituting for the words as written, and evidently by previous and secret agreement, a refrain which ran about as follows: "England, England, Glory everlasting and the Lordship of the Sea," rising to their feet as they sang it. On the other hand, as an instance, an American woman, a school teacher who left England late in August as patriotic as any British citizen could well be, now writes of having recently in New York listened to an able and scholarly lecture by Prof. Kühnemann, who is well known and stands exceedingly well in America. The lecture was entitled: "The Moral Position of the Present Germany." The keynote of his address was: "There is not a man in Germany who does not feel with one great simplicity of thought that he goes into this war with a clear conscience and conviction that the war has been forced upon the German people and that everything was done by their Kaiser to prevent it." After stating the German side of the question with moderation, the Professor concluded with: "I think American citizens owe it to their nation each individually to reserve their opinion until the whole truth is known." The net result of this lecture so far as the one auditor referred to is concerned, was to incline her to a more neutral state of mind, and, as she says, "filled my heart with dread and pity for all."

This is already the feeling of thousands and tens of thousands of Americans in regard to this war; they are not so much concerned with the preliminary rights and wrongs of the case as they are filled "with pity for all." This is the neutrality of the era

of internationalism, the dawn of which is now marked by the most terrible outburst of nationalism the world has yet seen. The American Government cannot enforce the neutrality of public opinion, for it will drift here and there as events make progress; nor does it need to, for as the slaughter and desolation increase all partisanship will fade in a profound grief at the sufferings of humanity, the waste of energy, and a national effort to assist in bringing it to an end.

In the domain of material things, however, a strong and determined effort is being made to maintain an intelligent neutrality. It is in this direction that practical questions of most perplexing nature are constantly arising. Notwithstanding the remoteness of America from the scene of battle, the American trading community, which in the twelve months preceding the war did a foreign business of nearly a billion sterling, now finds itself practically bottled up. A vast cotton crop seeks an outlet; raw materials of all kinds have no market, and manufactured goods to the value of many millions are left upon the producers' hands. International credits are suspended and banking business confused. The closed stock exchanges are the only bar to an unloading by Europe of millions of American securities held abroad. Those concerned with these affairs are in a state of distress. This reacts upon all classes and labor pays heavy toll. The pressure brought upon the American Government to facilitate rather than to hamper commerce is enormous. The country is officially neutral, hence the business man sees no reason why he should

*The Fortnightly Review.*

not at least be allowed to conduct his ordinary business without hindrance and with all customers seeking his wares. Neutrality for a producing country like America is as costly as war, if it means cessation of trade and business. The trade with England is partially guaranteed by her Fleet, although even with this protection it is far below normal figures for other reasons than those of actual hostilities, while that of other countries in Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, is in a fair way of extinction. Thus to the Government comes the questions of contraband, the rights of neutral ships, the status of belligerent vessels and of those trading with belligerents. The watchful representatives of England, Germany, France, Russia, and other countries are quick to take exception, and not a day passes but what Washington is called upon to say what may or what may not be done. It is impossible not to disappoint, even offend, someone with each decision. The questions still to come promise to be even more serious, for the matter of American trading with Holland and other neutral countries in Europe is full of possibilities of misunderstandings, friction, and serious controversy. Never did the question of neutrality rise up with such power to vex a Government as in this war, for the position of America is not only important, it is unique. So far all goes as well as could be expected, but there are shadows on the international horizon which foretell the need of wisdom, patience, understanding, firmness, and serenity on the part of all the numerous Governments concerned.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

## THE COMING OF "THE BELGIUMS."

For days excitement had prevailed in the village; were it not for the background of golden stubble, and the foreground of berry-laden hedge, one might have imagined it was spring, so thorough and efficient is the cleaning which is being given to the already well-kept houses. Furniture is being polished, blankets and curtains washed, rugs and mattresses beaten, while whitewashing and even papering is being carried out in some dwellings.

An excited little girl, who is keeping watch over a large family in the lane during the indoor activities of her mother, will tell you the reason of it all—"The Belgians are coming!"

The poor brave "Belgiums" are flying at length from their heroic little country, now that one of the dreaded Zeppelins has been dealing out death in Antwerp itself.

Evening by evening during the progress of the war our villagers have grouped themselves round doorways, or leaned over garden gates, to discuss the latest news, and varied and curious are the details which pass from one to the other. Mrs. Jump, who has been charring in the neighboring country town, has seen "on the placards" how the Germans have destroyed the biggest church in Paris. It has not yet transpired whether she alludes to Louvain or Malines.<sup>1</sup> On being confronted with the fact that the invaders have not yet entered Paris, she is reduced to saying that "Anyway she knowed it were somewhere in France."

Equally apposite was the remark of a woman who came out our way some days ago on the lookout for a Belgian baby, and who told us how her husband could do nothing but sit at home and cry, "he was *that* downhearted at

being unable to go out and fight that there Kayser; as he had already stood up agen him once in the Crimee War."

"But he were just two or three years too old," she added mournfully. She went away sorrowful, good soul, on finding there were no Belgian babies to be had. But of that anon!"

Besides such desultory items of information there are the halfpenny papers which pass from hand to hand, and certain pink sheets which the men bring back from market, or from the country town aforesaid.

Good, rosy, motherly faces grow pale as the horrors set forth therein are read out by the father of the family, and children cluster together wide-eyed to hear of deeds more barbarous than any perpetrated by the Red Indians of their story-books.

But now that the "Belgiums" are coming, activity takes the place of distress and horrified sympathy: the universal question is, what can everyone do?

"Here is a nice airy bedroom—a couple could make themselves very coomfortable there," the owner of the home opines, as she points out the newly whitewashed ceiling, and turns back the bed with its spotless lavender-scented sheets. "They'd be glad to rest here, poor things, and to feel as they're safe,—and isn't there a nice view from the window?"

The window looks out on the garden, where phloxes and dahlias are in bloom, beside the neat rows of potatoes and now yellowing peas. The fields beyond stretch out, green and golden, to the distant dunes. It is indeed a pleasant, peaceful prospect.

There is no room in the next-door house for any refugees, but the inhabitants are contributing to a general fund for their support.

<sup>1</sup> This paper was written before the tragedy of Rheims had taken place.

The generosity of this working community is quite wonderful. Tilling fathers are ready to sacrifice a tithe of their hard-earned wages; harassed mothers, who find the problem of filling many little mouths already sufficiently difficult, are still eager to take in one or two small "Belgiums."

"They'll share and share alike with our children." If anyone goes short it will certainly not be a stranger "little 'un."

In one home a guest is provided for after a very simple fashion.

"We've just talked it over among ourselves, and settled we'd all go without our regular dinners one day in the week—we'll just save enough that way to keep a child."

A whole family are to be billeted in one large farmhouse, and here and there about the irregular street other families are to be received, care being taken to provide for the children's close proximity to their parents.

And now the "Belgiums" are actually here. The poor "Belgiums"! They missed the train they aimed for, and it is nearly midnight when the first of the motors which convey them to their destinations arrives in the village street.

They have received more than one ovation by the way, for in the towns through which they passed people have turned out to welcome them. Certain troops of Territorials and Reservists have, moreover, obtained permission to give them a cheer; the progress of the cars has been more than once impeded by the anxious desire of the "Tommies" to see and shake hands with those whose kith and kin have proved themselves such heroes. The poor exiles have laughed, and wept, and stretched out responsive hands.

"Mes bons enfants, mes bons enfants," cried out one old lady, waving towards the shadowy, khaki-clad forms; while to the shout of "Vive

les Belges" there came a quavering response: "Vive la Bretagne."

But here in the village they receive a welcome of a different sort: silent handshakes, strong arms extended to help elderly folk, and to carry little children; eager hurry to set food before the travellers, to show the rooms which have been so carefully prepared, to conduct the divided members of a family to their allotted billets.

This is not accomplished without difficulties and sundry lamentations.

These poor folks, whose one aim during their flight has been to keep together, are alarmed by the necessity of parting now, though families and groups of friends are received in adjoining homes.

One poor man is seen in floods of tears clutching his wife's photograph, being under the impression that he has definitely lost her, though, as a matter of fact, she has merely found her way next door. Another woman stands in the middle of the street wildly gesticulating, having to make a choice between sharing her husband's quarters or those of her child.

These complications have come about through the defective wording of a telegram announcing their arrival, and at this hour of the night it is not easy to rectify them. The difficulty is increased by the fact that very few of the "Belgiums" speak anything but Flemish. One gifted creature is indeed mistress of two languages, and wanders up and down the dim street explaining matters to one and the other.

But presently peace and order are restored: the reunited couple embrace; in the other case the man of the family himself prevails on his good lady to retire with her child, on the understanding that all will be set right to-morrow.

Now all have settled down, as well content as exiles can be whose best



beloved are still in peril of their lives.

The only drawback to the satisfaction of their hosts is the incredible fact that the refugees are unable to understand English.

"They don't even understand when you write it out plain and put the paper in their hands," one good woman sorrowfully relates.

Under other circumstances such a lamentable display of ignorance would be considered reprehensible, but the warm sympathy and admiration which is felt for Belgium and all that appertains to it causes the village to be tolerant now, if a trifle superior.

The children go to the village school, and though the teachers' French is of a limited order, and Flemish is naturally non-existent, they manage to understand each other. The blackboard proves to be a useful institution, and the little visitors' knowledge of arithmetic is quite surprising. Romps in the school-yard and giggling dashes at each other are procedures which are universally understood among children, and the little "Belgians" are subsequently conducted home by some scion of the house which contains their temporary quarters, marching over the cobble stones hand-in-hand in perfect silence, but with beaming faces. Indeed the countenance of their guide expresses something of that tempered triumph which Mrs. Kenwigs considered permissible in her daughter Morleena.

"We've got a French master—but we ain't proud 'cause Ma says it's sinful."

Envious indeed are the children who don't possess a "Belgium" of their own.

The efforts which their rustic hosts make to entertain these guests are quaint and unexpected.

With the utmost good faith and good nature they furnish them with what are locally known as "Ulcerated Papers," which depict all too faithfully

the scenes of terror and desolation which the poor exiles have left behind, and portray, moreover, the progress of the common enemy in other parts of the world. The result of these well-meant endeavors has not always been satisfactory.

"I got her a picture of Louvain," said one good woman triumphantly, "because that's where she come from and the poor thing picked out the very spot where her home stood. 'Tis nought but a heap o' stones now. Ah, poor thing, she *did* cry, but I thought it would be a comfort for her."

Other of our refugees who had endeavored to follow the course of events by pondering over these papers had come to the conclusion that Brussels was burnt to the ground, and Paris in the hands of the invaders. Great was their joy on hearing, through the medium of the invaluable little interpreter aforementioned, of the contrary trend of events.

But indeed their shattered nerves play them many strange tricks. The distant blare of a fog-horn fills them with terror; they turn pale at the sight of a marching troop of Territorials.

"The Germans are coming then?"

It is no wonder that they should be haunted alike by terrible memories and actual fears. An invalided soldier from Liège compares the entry of the Germans into that heroic city with the day of the Great Judgment. The confusion of the elements caused by a raging storm, the mad rush of the conquerors blind with fury, the blare of trumpets mingled with the shrieks of the dying—"On croirait la fin du monde," he says. Others tell of the haunted, hunted life in beleaguered cities, of the compulsory darkness, of frightened policemen giving a whispered warning if so much as a glimmer of light appears, of the impossibility of sleep owing to the continuous sound of

cannon—worst of all of the periodical visits of a Zeppelin sailing up with the wind in awful silence, a silence far more terrible than the usual deafening clangor which accompanies its approach—to see it poised motionless for a brief interval, and then slowly wheel, preparatory to discharging its cargo of death. They blench and tremble in speaking of such things.

One hears even sadder tales than these: of families separated in the darkness never to be subsequently reunited; of a son rushing back from his "bureau" in search of the old father and mother whom he had left at home, only to find they had fallen into the hands of the Germans and been carried off who knows whither; of a little schoolgirl who tried in vain to rejoin her family in their hurried flight, but failed to reach them and cannot since be traced. Do what one will it is hard to bring comfort to such sorrows as these, and the impossibility of making inquiries adds to the agony of anxiety.

The exiles' one cry is for work, work of any kind which may serve to distract their thoughts. The women make themselves useful in every way they can, helping with household duties, and nursing and washing the babies, who seem to take kindly to these new friends. Many of them, moreover, employ themselves in Red Cross work, and shirt-making for our soldiers at their own eager request.

The men belong chiefly to the artisan class, and it has been hard to find suitable occupation for them, but of late this difficulty, too, has been overcome. A cabinet-maker and a tailor may be seen working affably side by side in field or garden; a plumber has learned to milk cows and to "serve pigs," though he cherishes the dream of being introduced at no distant date to "something interesting" in his own particular line. A local master of his

homely and necessary craft has promised to conduct him on a special tour of inspection one of these days.

But when the matter of wages comes under consideration a surprise is in store for their employers.

"Do not give money to us," plead the poor fellows. "You have already given us all we need. Let it go to your soldiers, so that we may feel we are working for them, as well as our women."

This sample of generosity from folk who are not above liking an extra glass of beer, or an occasional cigar, is surely typical of the generosity of the country to which they belong—the simple, brave, contented little country which has given its all for the common need. It has seen its harvests trampled and its homes laid waste. It has witnessed the destruction of its women and the slaughter of its babes; but its sword is still unsheathed, its best blood is still poured forth in the cause of duty. May the day soon come when they who have sown in tears may reap in gladness, and gallant Belgium may rest on the laurels which she has hardly won!

It is not only our own rustic community which is anxious to entertain and work for our Belgian guests: the whole neighborhood has rallied round them. From distant parts of the country, even from neighboring counties, come letters with offers of help and hospitality. Houses and goods, food-stuffs, clothes galore are to be had for the asking. And most frequent of all are the applications for Belgian children "to bring up with our own," or in some cases "to be adopted" by a childless couple.

These applications are not always conveyed by letter. Motherly creatures tramp many miles, and even come long distances by train in the hope of taking back a Belgian baby.

"We have two little gurrils, you see,"

says one good Scotchwoman, "but we thoct we'd like a little boy. Jeanie would like a little brither, wouldn't ye, Jeanie?"

But there are no stray Belgian babies going, and the kind prospective mother trudges away again, with a hungry look at the stranger little ones playing in the street.

"They seem to be happy," she says over and over. "They seem to be making themselves very happy here."

One feels the intense satisfaction with which she will turn from the print in which, day after day, appear lists of German brutalities to children, to think of the little dancing

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figures safe and content in our midst.

It is the feeling of atoning in some way or other to martyred Belgium, the undefined hope that, by multiplying kindnesses to those of her children who find themselves in security among us, we may console and in a manner make up to her for those she has lost, that actuates so many kindly folk.

"I did not know English people had such warm hearts," says one of the refugees.

They know it now, and surely for all time Belgium and Britain will be linked together in a common bond of brotherhood and gratitude.

*M. E. Francis.*

## BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

*Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.*

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

The interview between Mrs. Boger and Jenny had been stormy, but indecisive. More than ever she had done before, Jenny had held her own. At any rate she had refused to answer questions or to make promises. She would not say how often she had met Major Charlton before, or whether he had proposed to her, or whether there was an understanding of any kind between them.

"He is a notorious flirt," said Mrs. Boger, pursing her lips.

Jenny looked out of the window and did not speak.

"My duty to your father makes it imperative that you should be guarded from men of that stamp."

Jenny's sensitive mouth betrayed amusement and incredulity, though she tried to look as grave as a judge.

"It is not likely that he would have serious intentions. From a worldly point of view, he is extremely eligible."

"You admit that!" said Jenny.

"I should be a simpleton if I did not. My objections to him are moral, and I cannot enter into them with you. But I shall write to your father at once."

Jenny could not prevent that, so again she was silent. Her reticence roused Mrs. Boger more effectually than argument could have done, and until the dressing bell rang she stormed at the girl, calling her sly, ungrateful, untrustworthy and fickle.

"Why fickle?" said Jenny, getting up at the sound of the bell.

"You know very well what Archie's hopes are."

"I take no interest in Archie, Mrs. Boger."

"You tell me that, after all that has passed between you."

"Nothing has ever passed between us except dislike. I am sorry to speak so of your son, but you drive me to it."

Mrs. Boger, standing mountainously on the hearth-rug, looked down at Jenny as if she would gladly have

whipped her. And Jenny remembered the time when the least resistance or misbehavior on her part would have been punished in this way. She had been cowed into obedience as a child, and the habit of fear and submission had remained until now, when she felt desperate. Even now she felt miserably uncertain where resistance would lead her, and whether it would avail. She placed no reliance on her father, and as far as she knew Mrs. Boger's power over her would last another two years. She could not refuse to go abroad, and when discussion was resumed after dinner she was told that she could pack her clothes next day, because the day after they would take the road.

"I shall place you with Madame Lefevre in Brussels and come back here to shut up the house," said Mrs. Boger, and the plan was about as agreeable to Jenny as the threat of the convent to a recalcitrant daughter in the Middle Ages. Madame Lefevre was one of two acid old women who would never let her out of their sight, would feed her scantily, and would blight her spirits with the mildew and bad temper of their own lives. Mrs. Boger had once left her a week with them, and the thought of going there again made her shudder.

"I should go mad if I was left there long," she said to herself, and next day she told Priscilla of the prospect held out to her.

"Don't you worry, miss," said Priscilla cheerfully, and after lunch, when Jenny was still packing, she heard the parlormaid's voice just within the door. "Yes, come in, Priscilla," she said, looking up from her trunk.

"I thought I'd let you know, miss," said Priscilla. "I've sent a letter to the Major. My father has taken it into Daneswick."

"To Daneswick!"

"Yes, miss. The Major, he told me

yesterday he had a meeting, and father, he'll find out where it is and get the letter to him. I thought we'd be on the safe side, because it might so happen you'd have left the Vicarage before he arrived."

"It might easily happen," said Jenny. But what have you said, Priscilla?"

"Just told him you were off to-morrow unless he could prevent it, miss."

"He can't possibly prevent it," said Jenny.

Meanwhile Mrs. Boger, in the library, was telling her son what she thought of him.

"You're too idle to make money, and you haven't even sense enough to marry it," she said. "If Jenny slips through your fingers you've only yourself to blame."

"She won't look at me," said Archie sulkily.

"There's no need for her to look at you. A girl likes to be captured. At heart women are as primitive now as when they were savages and courted with clubs."

"I can't court Jenny with a club. I'd do it if I could. Her money would suit me very well."

"Of course it would. I've set my heart on your having it. But I can't make love to her for you."

"She only looks sick if I try it."

"Then you haven't tried the right way. I've nursed the girl for you all these years. I've kept her like a nun. The moment I saw a man look at her I shouldered him away. I've not allowed her to make friends, because you never know what may come of that. I've thrown you together till everyone who knows us imagines you have an understanding. What is there left for you to do? Just to take a little trouble and coax her, or kiss her, or bully her. . . . Aren't you man enough to get what you want—when it's ready to your hand?"

"I can ask her any minute if that's what you mean, but what's the good of it? She hates us both like poison, and as for keeping her like a nun!—what about Charlton?"

Mrs. Boger beat an impatient tattoo on the library table, and looked at Archie almost as angrily as she had looked at Jenny the night before. He was lolling at full length on a sofa, his waistcoat was undone, his tie loosened, and his hair dishevelled. His mouth looked as if he could not be at the trouble to shut it, and his eyes were heavy with laziness and lunch.

"Now you've waited so long you had better wait a few weeks longer," she said unwillingly. "I'm going to take her to the Lefevres at Brussels. When she has been there six or seven weeks she'll come away with anyone who fetches her. You can go and see her there."

"I'd like to get it settled now," said Archie. "It's very boring hanging round a girl and not knowing where you are."

"It would be more boring if you mulled the whole business."

"You evidently don't know your own mind," said Archie. "Just now you were rounding on me because I shilly-shallied, and when I say I'll propose to her you want me to wait another six weeks. I'm sick of waitin'."

"But you say she won't look at you."

Archie got up, yawned and gazed at himself in the mirror over the fireplace. He pulled a small comb from his pocket, and tidied his hair; then he straightened his tie and buttoned his waistcoat.

"What time are you going to the Vicarage?" he said.

"At four."

"Where is Jenny?"

"In her room—packing. Shall I send her downstairs? Are you really going to risk it, Archie?"

"It's pretty important to us, isn't it?"

"It's vital."

"Then leave it to me," the young man drawled, and went jauntily upstairs. He knocked at Jenny's door without speaking, and she said "Come in," taking it for granted it was one of the maids. When she saw Archie on the threshold she stared at him with cold surprise and went out into the corridor to speak to him. Except her hat she was ready for the garden-party, and she looked very elegant and diaphanous in white. She wore a pearl necklace that had belonged to her mother, and in her hand she had some roses that she was about to fasten at her waist.

"I say, you do look ripping," said Archie.

"What do you want?" said Jenny, frowning.

"I want to talk to you."

"I'm busy now."

"You can give me five minutes, can't you?"

"I'd rather not."

"I say, you do cut a man short. You don't give one half a chance."

They had walked on a few steps towards a landing window where there was an embrasure and a seat.

"Let's sit down a minute," said Archie.

"No," said Jenny nervously. "I've nothing to say to you."

She was turning back to her room, but he caught at her wrist and detained her while he spoke.

"You shall listen," he began.

"Will you let my hands go!" she said, in a tone of such fierce anger and repulsion that he was startled into obeying her.

"It's me or Brussels, he blurted out, "You'll hate it there. You'd much better give in and take me. I shouldn't interfere with you. We'd each go our



own way. That's my idea of marriage."

"It isn't mine," cried Jenny, and before he could follow her, she darted back to her room, slammed the door in his face and locked it. He went down to the library, where his mother awaited him in restless anxiety.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?" echoed he, and sprawled on the sofa again.

"You haven't been long."

"I didn't mean to be long."

"What luck?"

"Can't tell yet. I'm not going to rush things."

"Have you made a beginning?"

"I suppose so."

Mrs. Boger saw that he did not mean to tell her what had passed, and she could not gather from his manner whether he was more discouraged than he had been before.

"I think I shall tell one or two people this afternoon what our hopes and wishes are," she said. "I think it's time. We won't have a definite announcement. That can be contradicted. We'll spread a rumor, and that sticks."

"It was past five o'clock, and the garden-party at the Vicarage was in full swing, when Jenny first noticed that a good many people looked at her and at Archie Boger with the interested, kindly glance a newly engaged couple call forth. At least they looked kindly at Jenny, and those who knew her spoke to her, not with open congratulations, but with more attention than usual, and even some tenderness. She was such a delicately lovely girl, she had been crying, as anyone could see, and why she was going to marry the second-rate youth who shadowed her no one could understand. But Miss Parker had told Miss Minchin it was so, and Miss Minchin had told this one and the other under seal of secrecy. The news soon spread.

"I'm afraid we are not going to keep you here much longer," one officious lady said to Jenny.

"I'm afraid not," said Jenny, thinking of Brussels, and she wondered why her answer, made with a sigh and a melancholy little smile, seemed to surprise Mrs. Wickham.

"Are you going to live in London in future?" another gossip asked her.

"I have no idea where I am going to live," Jenny said truly.

"Perhaps you mean to travel?"

"Yes. We think of it."

"How delightful! How I envy you!"

Jenny stared at the lady in surprise and disagreement.

"I would much rather stay here," she said, and walked away, followed as before by Archie.

"Why don't you go and play tennis?" she said to him impatiently.

"I'd rather stay with you."

"But I would much rather you did not."

Archie looked at her with the languishing eyes that had betrayed his case to the Vicarage guests all the afternoon.

"Let us go and sit down somewhere in the shade," he said affectionately.

Jenny, in full view of some people close by, turned her back on him and walked swiftly towards the house. But he followed her.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"Indoors."

"Good idea. We'll have tea together."

"We will not," said Jenny, and when she got into the dining-room she found Priscilla behind one of the long tables that served as a buffet. Archie kept at her elbow.

"Tea, miss?" said Priscilla.

"Yes," said Archie. "Tea for two at that little table over there."

"I want to speak to you, Priscilla," whispered Jenny.

"Yes, miss," said Priscilla promptly.

"If you'll come upstairs I'll mend it for you."

"He hasn't come, Priscilla," said the girl, when she had followed Priscilla upstairs, and found a moment's refuge in one of the Rectory bedrooms.

"He will come," said Priscilla confidently.

"But everyone is going. Mrs. Boger may go any moment. Suppose he has not had your letter. Suppose he has been detained? If once they get me away, what will happen? I don't know the address of the house in Brussels. The people have moved since I was there. But you told him the name, didn't you, as I wrote it down?"

"You'll not go to Brussels, miss. No fear," said Priscilla cheerfully. "Not if I know the Major."

"He can't prevent it. No one can," mourned Jenny.

Priscilla looked at the bare toilet-table and unfurnished washstand of the spare room into which they had accidentally strayed.

"Not so much as a sponge or a powder puff," she murmured, "and anyone can see you've been crying, miss, and are downhearted. You must pluck up a spirit. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll go and see the Major myself to-night, and if he won't run away with you, I will."

"What *do* you mean, Priscilla?"

"We'll borrow one of his cars and go off to London and stay there till you can be married."

Jenny laughed a little and went downstairs again. Hoping to avoid Archie Boger, she walked into the drawing-room, but saw that he was there with his mother, Miss Parker, the Vicar and an old lady staying in the house. Everyone else seemed to have gone. It was raining a little now, and they were gathered in a group near the window, watching the weather and discussing the events of the afternoon. The Vicar detached

himself from the rest when he saw Jenny, and in his kindly, pompous voice said to her:

"Well, my dear, now that we are a small intimate party, may we be allowed to congratulate you?"

"Congratulate me!" echoed Jenny, turning very white, and looking at Mrs. Boger with frightened eyes.

"On your engagement."

"But it isn't certain yet."

"So I understand. But rumor says it soon will be."

"If my father consents."

"I have no anxiety on that score," rasped Mrs. Boger, coming forward too. "Your father puts implicit faith in me."

"But do you agree to it?"

"I do. I think you are a lucky girl; but I must say that he is a lucky young man. Archie——"

Jenny's eyes turned from one to the other with an expression of bewilderment and then of horror that none of the lookers-on could misread. Archie had come close to her at his mother's summons and was sheepishly smiling, although he saw that his reception was uncertain. At the sight of him advancing towards her Jenny turned towards the opening door and stumbled towards Priscilla, who stood there.

"Priscilla!" she tried to say, but fell in a heap at the girl's feet, while Major Charlton, who was just behind, ran forward to catch her, but did not succeed.

"They've killed her," he said savagely.

"Oh no, sir; they've only badgered her into feeling a bit faint," said Priscilla, stooping over Jenny, who certainly did look more dead than alive, as she lay there with closed eyes and white lips.

"Most extraordinary," said the Vicar, who had rushed off for brandy and now came back with it. "We

were just congratulating the young lady on her engagement——"

"To me?" said the Major.

"To you! No, my dear man, to Mr. Archie Boger."

"No wonder she fainted," said the Major, helping Priscilla to administer the brandy.

"You're so late, sir. She thought you weren't coming," said Priscilla reproachfully.

"What have you to do with it? Go out of the room," commanded Mrs. Boger, looking as black as thunder.

"No, don't go, Priscilla," said Jenny, opening her eyes, but not quite herself yet. So Priscilla stayed.

"I got your letter," said Major Charlton to the parlormaid. Then he went on speaking, but addressed himself to the Vicar. The Bogers, mother and son, he ignored entirely.

"Miss Udall and I are going to be married at once," he announced. "I have her father's consent."

"What's that?" said Mrs. Boger, pushing herself forward.

"By cable. I waited for it. That's why I'm late, I sent him one as long as a letter yesterday. Cost me pounds and pounds. Here's his answer."

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Boger, and almost snatched the paper from Major Charlton.

"It's all right, Jenny," said the young man, turning to the girl, who was sitting up now, but still looked shaken and white. "Your father's a trump. Didn't lose a minute. Came across a man who knew me, luckily. Wants us to go out there for a honeymoon. We will, if you are up to it."

"I refuse to have the marriage from my house," bellowed Mrs. Boger. "I wash my hands of the whole affair. Archie, come home!"

"My dear, my house is open to you," the Vicar said to Jenny, who looked distressed by Mrs. Boger's chagrin.

"Thank you," said Major Charlton.

"Priscilla!" said Mrs. Boger, stopping the girl, who, now that she had placed Jenny on a sofa, was about to leave the room.

"Yes, m'm," said Priscilla, with formal civility.

"You will pack Miss Udall's things and your own, and leave the house to-night. I consider that you have behaved with duplicity and impertinence."

"Yes, m'm," said Priscilla.

"But what has Priscilla done?" said the Vicar.

"Mrs. Boger meant to carry Jenny off to Brussels to-morrow and shut her up there," said Major Charlton. "Priscilla let me know of it, luckily. I might not have hurried here otherwise."

"I leave my reputation behind me," said Mrs. Boger, waving her starters at people. "Come, Archie!"

Archie came, a dejected and ill-humored youth, inclined to blame his mother for the sudden check to all their hopes.

"You ought to have come to London as I wanted you to," he began.

"You'll go to London to-morrow, and you'll earn your own living henceforward," said Mrs. Boger, who was not in the humor for any nonsense. "I shall go to Montreux for the winter. In future my income will be enough for one and not for two. You had better understand that plainly."

"Can't you get hold of another girl with money?" said Archie.

"I'm not going to try," said Mrs. Boger; and she was thunderously silent till she reached home and sent for Priscilla.

"Here are your wages up to to-night," she said viciously. "And don't come to me for a character."

"No, m'm," said Priscilla. "I've done with characters."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to be married, m'm."

Mrs. Boger gave an angry, grudging grunt and dismissed her. But when Jenny saw Priscilla again she pulled the girl to her with both hands and kissed her.

"You'll make such a good wife," she said.

"Yes, miss," said Priscilla.

"I'm going to be married next week. You'll stay with me till then, won't you?"

"If Miss Parker is agreeable, miss."

"When are you going to be married?"

"Very soon. I got my clothes to see to."

"I'm going to give you those, Priscilla, and the Major is going to furnish one of your rooms. He has just said so."

Priscilla looked at the young lady with wide-open gray eyes, too much overcome to speak.

"I done nothing to deserve all that," she said.

"But we both like you," said Jenny.

"I'm glad we're all going to be so joyful," said Priscilla.

(*The End.*)

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## WAR AND LITERATURE.

War is the great scavenger of thought. It is the sovereign disinfectant, and its red stream of blood is the Condy's Fluid that cleans out the stagnant pools and clotted channels of the intellect. I suppose that hardly any Englishman who is capable of a renovation of the mind has failed to feel during the last few weeks a certain solemn refreshment of the spirit, a humble and mournful consciousness that his ideals, his aims, his hopes during our late past years of luxury and peace have been founded on a misconception of our aims as a nation, of our right to possess a leading place in the sunlit spaces of the world. We have awakened from an opium-dream of comfort, of ease, of that miserable poltroonery of "the sheltered life." Our wish for indulgence of every sort, our laxity of manners, our wretched sensitiveness to personal inconvenience, these are suddenly lifted before us in their true guise as the spectres of national decay; and we have risen from the lethargy of our dilettantism to lay them, before it is too late, by the flashing of the unsheathed sword. "Slaughter is God's

daughter," a poet said a hundred years ago, and that strange phrase of Coleridge's, which has been so often ridiculed by a slothful generation, takes a new and solemn significance to ears and eyes awakened at last by the strong red glare of reality.

But it is impossible, after recovery from the first violent shock to our attention, that we should be able to preserve a philosophical attitude in daily life. United as we happily are, purified as our large conceptions of duty must become under the winnowing fan of danger, it is scarcely within the power of those of us who do not enjoy the signal privilege, the envied consecration, of actual fighting,—it is hard for those who are spectators, however strenuously set in heart to share the toils and sufferings of their luckier and younger brethren,—not to turn, by instinct, to the order of ideas with which we are, or until now have been, each one of us, particularly engaged. The artist cannot help considering how the duration of war will affect the production and the appreciation of pictures and statues and music, since, however wide and deep

the desecration of harmony may go, these things must eventually rise again and reappear above the welter. The man of science has to put his investigations and his experiments on one side, yet the habit of his brain is too ingrained to enable him to forget the relations of knowledge to life, or to lose the conviction that scientific development must proceed the moment that the arresting violence of war is relaxed. And the lover or student of pure literature needs accuse himself of no levity if his mind, also, strains forward with anxiety, and compares with our own cataclysm the catastrophes of former times. The present pages will contain some observations, not on what is called "the literature of war," but on the effect of war upon the lives of men of letters.

At the outset of the great contest, the attention of all civilized nations was fixed upon the martyrdom of Belgium, and the destruction of her premier university by the impious Uhlans gave the sympathy of the world a special acuteness. A sort of spasm of rage passed through the hearts of all cultivated persons at the news, at first received with utter incredulity, but soon confirmed, of the wanton sack of Louvain. From the purely educational point of view, though the anger caused by this act could not be excessive, the regret might be. The English and French newspapers, in their righteous indignation, spoke of Louvain as they might of Oxford or Paris. But, for eighty years past Louvain has not been one of the State universities of Belgium; its educational importance has not approached, nor been on the same lines as, that of Ghent, or even of Brussels. Louvain, which in the later Middle Ages was the centre of Flemish learning, has never really recovered from the fate which befell it at the close of the eighteenth century. It has been carried on unofficially, as

a Catholic centre of teaching, by the personal efforts of the bishops, although it is true that in comparatively recent years other faculties than that of theology have been represented in it. The real horror of the crime at Louvain was æsthetic rather than educational. The library was far richer than the newspapers have reported; the burning of its MSS.—they included, I believe, an unedited correspondence of Erasmus—permanently impoverishes the history of the country. Of the artistic value of the buildings destroyed—the Church of St. Pierre, the Cloth-makers' Halles of 1317—the only consolation we can have is to know that these glorious relics were already very largely "restored." So far as pictures are concerned, one of the most important early Flemish masters, Dierik Bouts, seems to be almost wiped out. A circumstance which should not be overlooked, surely, is that these outrages on history and art were perpetrated, not by ignorant savages, but by highly educated officers amply instructed in the spiritual value of the objects which they sacrificed to their vanity and frenzy.

But, however deeply we regret the abominable destruction of works of art, the paralysis of living intelligence is an even more serious matter. For a long while past the astonishing development of the Belgian mind, as displayed in a triple literature, has been watched in Germany, and noted by German professors, with patronizing envy. It has been observed, first with surprise and then with annoyance, that a little country no larger than a Teutonic province, tucked into a corner between the sea and two Great Powers, a country without a dominant language, without a decisive capital, a mere political expression, has since 1880 ventured to display, in defiance of the menacing shadow of Germany,



an intellectual activity, French, Flemish, and Walloon, in which German *kultur* has found no place. It has not been agreeable to the professors of Berlin to be obliged to admit that the greatest poet of Europe at the opening of the twentieth century is unquestionably the noble Emile Verhaeren, a Fleming of the Antwerp district, writing consistently in French. It has not been to their taste to watch the advance of Maeterlinck, of Camille Lemonnier, or Eugène Demolder, writing in French or of the less known and perhaps less brilliant, but numerous and enthusiastic, new school of authors, composing ardently in Flemish and even to some extent in Walloon.

This is an aspect of the war which, in our natural absorption in vaster interests and more directly material features, has not yet received attention in England. So lately as 1868, Taine, in a survey of intellectual conditions in the Low Countries, remarked with regret of the Flemings that "ils ne peuvent citer de ces esprits créateurs qui ouvrent sur le monde de grandes vues originales, ou enchaînent leurs conceptions dans de belles formes capables d'un ascendant universel." This was perfectly true before the great war of 1870; it was still true a decade later. But about the year 1880 a most remarkable effort was made by Belgium to redeem her peoples from intellectual sterility, and since that time no country of Europe has come forward in literature so rapidly as she. A generation, joyously greeted at home as "La Jeune Belgique," stimulated by the ideas which were stirred in close spectators of the last great war, yet protected, in a highly prosperous country, from the actual miseries and denudations of that struggle, dared to inaugurate a literary revolution against the cut-and-dried theories of their elders, and found for the first time a fitting ex-

pression in verse and prose for the rich, full-blooded, highly colored genius of Flemish life. In this movement, encouraged by the praise of Paris, undeterred by the sneers of Berlin, the pioneers were Max Waller, who died prematurely in 1889, and the admirable poet of Louvain, Albert Giraud, of whom I know not whether he is alive or dead. This exuberant school of writers, now as broad as Rubens in their joyous painting of life, now as exquisite as the traceries of their medieval architecture, has been, up to this summer, producing abundant work of a kind not exactly paralleled in any other country. In the matter of speech, of course, the possession of a single language has been denied to the Belgians. Their poets and novelists have to take their choice between a tongue which is shared with French or one which is almost identical with Dutch. But their genius, taking different manifestations from individual minds, is yet national and peculiar to Belgium. It has been observed that the greatest Belgian writers of to-day are Flemings by birth, education and character; and even Maeterlinck, who has long inhabited France, alternately residing in Normandy and in Provence, is still a pure Fleming of Ghent in his dramas. There is no modern writer more national than Verhaeren, and to study his poems is to gain such an impression of "Toute la Flandre" as is to be found nowhere else. It should be interesting to note that when, in 1881, the "Jeunes Belges," in a now-famous manifesto, announced their intention of creating a national literature, they were met with coarse ridicule in Germany, and recommended to stick to the prosy business of their trades. They did not heed the warning, and in thirty years they have enriched their country with a fine harvest of masterpieces.

This literature of Belgium has now

been trodden into the mud by the jackboot of the Prussian. Let us not forget, in our legitimate indignation at the destruction of medieval relics, that Germany has committed in Belgium—to speak for the moment only of Belgium—a still greater crime against light and learning. We have to consider the conditions of mental life in this gallant and unfortunate country. It is a commonplace to say that Belgium is the battle-field of Europe; it is more, it is the grave-yard of successive generations of Flemish aspiration. Since the sixteenth century, when its earliest civilization was withered by the agitations of the Spanish invader, until the close of the war of 1870, when the assurance of its neutrality gave it at last a basis of hope and energy, Belgium never had breathing space. Sacked by the armies of Louis XIV., flung by the Treaty of Utrecht on to the pikes of Austria, overrun and annexed by the French in 1795, torn and tortured by European diplomacy in the days of Waterloo, not given, until 1830, even the shadow of individual sovereignty, the insecurity of existence in Flanders and Brabant through all these centuries could but detach the minds of men from the creation of works of the imagination. Who writes great poems when the spectres of famine and fire are prowling round his homestead? After the last war all this was ended, as the Belgians thought, as all the rest of Europe, with one sinister exception, believed. The neutrality of Belgium, solemnly re-asserted and confirmed, was a sacred basis for the intellectual life of the admirable little country to build upon. She was no longer so fragile, no longer so timorous, and she builded the beautiful structure which Germany has now cynically and brutally destroyed.

When we turn to the contemplation of our beloved France, we have not,

we can never have, to endure so lamentable a catastrophe. However sorely tried, the genius of the French must recover from its momentary misfortunes, since it is an essential portion of the spiritual wealth of the world. As I write these pages, in the nightmare of events, with the reverberations of the combat stunning the sense by their rapid and violent development, I cannot tell how the fortunes of France may have brightened or darkened before this "Review" finds a reader. Much must be lost before anything is gained, and we must harden ourselves to remember with equanimity, what the Spanish proverb tells us, that often the best of acorns is munched by the worst of swine. But of the ultimate salvation of the genius of France, he would be a cowardly pessimist who should doubt for a moment. If the lovely provinces from Dunkirk to St. Jean de Luz, from Brest to Menton, were wholly overrun by barbarians, if everything we have honored and delighted in were obscured, and if the lamp lay shattered in the dust, still the world would not despair for France. In the last hour the horn of Roland must sound from the dark gorge of Roncevaux, and angels must descend from heaven with vengeance against the enemies of France and of God. In these dreadful times, we may keep our spirits up by reading the "*Chanson de Roland*" once again.

But, for the moment, the splendid activity of the literature of France is at a standstill. It is poignant and yet irresistible to turn over the last books which came from Paris in those final weeks of July, books that fluttered on to one's table like unsuspecting sulphur-colored butterflies fallen from a soft blue summer sky. I give myself the sad pleasure of naming the latest that came, and I cannot, in this emotional crisis, adopt

the publicist's high impartiality. They are all the books of friends, of old and valued friends, workers serene and busy in their distinguished environment when July ended, and now out of our touch and knowledge, vanished from the sight of affection, whirled like atoms of gold-dust in a Sahara-storm of war. Let me name them, this final quartette of noble books that came to me from France. Here is the "Voix d'Ionie" of Francis Vielé-Griffin, "voix claire et parfaite et riieuse," a reissue in collected form of the recent poems, all on Greek subjects, of one of the most accomplished poets of the last generation; here is the "Un Voyage" of Jacque Vontade ("Fœmina"), the leading woman-essayist of contemporary France, of whose excellent "Soul of the English" Mr. Walter de la Mare spoke in the July number of this "Review"; her journey was made through Belgium, Holland, and Germany, and her book, full of penetrating observation, is already a curiosity, since it contains the last record of the life of central Europe, in its old unreformed condition, which literature will offer us. Here are two novels, the "Romaine Mirmault" of M. Henri de Regnier, and "Le Démon de Midi" of M. Paul Bourget (a double butterfly this, and a blue one), which I read and re-read with an emotion quite unrelated to their purely literary merit, because of the pictures they give of that *beau pays de France* which slumbered so unalarmedly in the shadow of its poplars only a few weeks ago.

The sentiment of confidence, of uninterrupted peace, is curiously spread over these four books, and unites them, in spite of their mutual unlikeness, in one haze of serenity. Here is the breathless hush before the tempest breaks. Peace breathes from out "Fœmina's" delicate and discriminating pages. In Belgium, recalling the shock of battles long ago, she asks

"Comment discerner la moindre trace de ces forces cruelles dans la placide finesse, la bonhomie des visages?" Even in the towns of Germany, to the attention of this acute analyst of phenomena, "l'instinct de batailles et de meurtre s'est endormi, le cœur d'amour dure et veille, mêlé à l'atmosphère dont il approfondit la rêveuse sérénité." Marvellous words whose publication preceded by a few days such a magnetic storm of treachery and loathing as the world had never seen before.

It is impossible to form at present any clear notion of what has become of the various elements of French literary life in this sudden dislocation of the entire social system. The young men went forth to fight; the older ones, and the women-writers—dispersed through the provinces, or active in benevolence at the seat of war—almost immediately disappeared. But it is admissible to notice that the very first direct victim of the war was an eminent man of letters. In ordinary times, the death of Jules Lemaitre would have attracted wide attention in every country of the world; in France columns in all the newspapers would have been devoted to his career and labors. Coming, as it did, but two days after the declaration of war, it was almost unnoticed even in Paris. But "without the meed of some melodious tear" so beautiful a figure must not be allowed to vanish. Lemaitre had been in failing health for several months, and at last he had been persuaded to leave Paris, and retire to his native village of Tavers, on the north bank of the Loire, a few miles below Orléans. Here, in the calm of this delicious place, in the house where he was born, he was recovering serenity and health, when a newspaper announcing the declaration of war was put into his hands. He fainted at the shock, never recovered his senses, and

died two days later (the 6th of August). Jules Lemaitre was, if not the greatest, certainly the most charming critic of his age. No mind more subtle than his has ever been directed to the interpretation of literature, and particularly of the drama. It cannot be doubted that his series of volumes called "*Les Contemporains*" did more than any other single work to formulate and regulate taste in Europe at the close of the nineteenth century; he began their publication when he was only twenty-five, and he continued it for ten years. Of his later books, his poems, his plays, his enchanting lectures, his essays—this is not the place to speak, but posterity—if this war with savages should leave a place for posterity—will not forget them. Jules Lemaitre, a typical Frenchman of the finest breed, bland and gracious, but with a capacity for sternness, was, like the Cardinal in "*Henry VIII.*,"

"a scholar, and a right good one,  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading;

Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him  
not,

But to those men who sought him,  
sweet as summer."

The only previous catastrophe which can be compared with the present war, in its relation to the intellectual life, is that of 1870-1. To realize faintly what is now the condition of literature in France we ought to have before us the parallel of what happened then. But it is a curious fact that the French do not seem to have made any special record of this side of the matter; at all events, I have been unable, among the almost innumerable memoirs of the war of 1870, to find one which confines itself to, or deals expressly with, the disturbance in literature and the fine arts. Lavissee has a very just remark about the condition in the autumn of that year; "*Toute la vie de la France*," he says, "*se taisait.*" To

break this silence, which still subsists, we must grope about among individual biographies, and bring forth such evidence as may be revealed, as it were under the breath of the speaker, or in an agonized aside. It has seemed appropriate, at this moment, to describe—and partly from unpublished sources—how the calamities which followed Sedan, and particularly the siege of Paris, affected some of the most famous writers of the time. There can be no doubt that our brethren in France have suffered already, and will increasingly suffer, the same disabilities and injuries and sorrows. To know how the blow fell upon their fathers may help us a little to appreciate how it is falling upon them.

Some days before the 4th of September 1870 Victor Hugo broke the chain of his long exile, and came back to Paris, where he was met at the railway station by shouting crowds. He addressed a rather pompous proclamation to the German nation, of which, as was to be expected, the Prussians took not the slightest notice. Hugo then applied himself to bringing out a new edition of "*Les Châtiments*," and it is worth noting that this was the principal, indeed the only, literary success of the season. There were sold 100,000 copies of these inflammatory and pathetic poems, which were distributed about as commodities rather than as books. By the end of October hawkers from ambulatory stalls were selling piles of "*Les Châtiments*" among pieces of cocoanut, flannel vests, and packets of chocolate. Victor Hugo gave the entire profits to the provision of cannon and ambulances; the principal pieces were recited, by leading actors and actresses, in the squares of Paris. His restlessness became great; he went to Brussels, back to Paris, made excursions to the provinces, even, for a short time, entirely unrecognized, lodged *incognito*

in London. It is to be observed that Hugo wrote two large volumes during the height of the war—"L'Année Terrible," much overpraised by Swinburne, and "Actes et Paroles," which is simply a collection of all the appeals, speeches, letters, and manifestos which he had written since the proclamation of the Republic. But neither was published until the war was well over. The revival of "Ruy-Blas" at the Odéon was hailed as marking the return of legitimate drama; we may notice that this took place in February 1872, eighteen months after the war broke out.

Most of the elderly authors were struck dumb with consternation, and either died before the Germans left France, or remained in a state of suspended animation. The Nestor of them all, Guizot, was just eighty-three when war was declared, and he was totally unprepared for it. He had been anticipating a sort of millennium, and suddenly all his optimism fell from him. He was at his country house in Normandy, and he took to his bed, a wise thing for a very old man to do. There, while he lay and rested, his energy slowly came back to him, and weak as he was he determined to do what he could. He wrote two famous letters, one to Mr. Gladstone, the other to Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, fervently praying for the intervention of England. When no answer came, or lukewarm expressions of civility which were worse than none, energy once more seized the noble old Guizot. He rose from his bed and came up to Versailles, where he begged Thiers so insistently to convoke a synod of the Protestant churches, that this was done, and Guizot presided. The vortex of things whirled him back to Normandy, and there he endured the shock of the death of one friend after another, even at last that of his devoted daughter, Mme. Cornelis de

Witt. With intrepid persistency he contrived to finish the fourth volume of his great history of France, and his last written words were "Je laisse le monde bien troublé. Comment renaitrait-il? Je l'ignore, mais j'y crois. Dites-le, je vous prie, à mes amis; je n'aime pas à les savoir découragés." And his wonderful heroic optimism returned, even in the hour of dissolution, for, on the day he died (the 12th of September, 1874), he lifted himself on his pillows, with shining eyes called his attendant to him, and whispered "Personne n'en est plus sûr que moi." What Guizot was so sure of was the revival of civilization, the renewal of piety and pity. Shall we to-day be less confident than he?

Alexandre Dumas père was in the precise situation in which it would be most unfortunate for an old man to be discovered by the thunderbolt of ill-fortune. Worn out with his colossal work, extravagant in his whole conception of life, Dumas had made no species of provision for the future, and was immediately and completely ruined by the war. He retired to his son's house at Puits, where he fell into a sort of stupor. He was utterly tired out, and when those around him asked whether it would not rouse him from his gloom to write a little, the old novelist replied "Oh! no, never again." Almost his last words were: "They say I have been a spendthrift. But I came to Paris with twenty francs, and," pointing to his last piece of gold on the mantel-piece, "I have kept them. There they are!" He died on the 6th of December, in the darkest hour of the defeat of the army of the Loire and the recapture of Orléans. The German occupation of the country made it impossible to give his body public burial till February 1871, when the family took the coffin to Villers-Cotterets, his birthplace. When the death of Dumas was officially an-



nounced to the French Academy a thing happened which had not happened since the great Revolution—the election of a successor could not take place because only thirteen of the Academicians could be communicated with, no election being valid unless more than twenty take part in it.

The behavior of individual men of letters, of the elder generation, depended, of course, upon their temperament. Jules Janin, who had just been made an Academician, in the room of Sainte-Beuve, gave way to the counsels of despair; he abandoned literature, his friends, and the world. With a pet parrot in a cage as sole companion, he withdrew to his chalet as soon as the Germans approached Paris, and came forth no more. Littré, on the other hand, displayed an admirable calm. When the enemy threatened Paris in September 1870, Littré proposed to remain, but his friends obliged him to retire to Bordeaux, where Gambetta, in January, contrived to found a chair of history and geography for his support. He sat, as a republican, as Deputy for the Seine in the National Assembly, and although he was unable to speak in public, the Government availed themselves to their great advantage of his vigorous and weighty reports. Littré was not merely a prince among linguists but an independent and liberal thinker, who kept up the courage of others by wise and prudent counsel. A different fate attended a different man when Jules Sandeau, who had long been the petted librarian of the imperial palace of St. Cloud, was doomed to watch the conflagration of both palace and library. He was suddenly turned adrift with a pension of two thousand francs. Sandeau was perhaps the earliest of the great French writers to return to work, for he published his last and worst novel, "*La Roche aux Mouettes*," before the close of 1871.

Younger men, who were nevertheless too old to be sent out to fight, suffered more than their elders or juniors, and doubtless will always, in like occasion, suffer most. The instance of Flaubert is tragic in the extreme. He had always looked upon war with detestation, and to the last he refused to believe that it was imminent. Flaubert thought that the whole of Europe should be ruled by one beneficent tyrant, specially preoccupied with the protection of art and letters. When the Germans entered France, he was at Audemer, feeding his soul with the husks of empty hope and vain illusion. When Rouen was occupied he was seized with hysteric frenzy, and gathering together all his books, his letters, his manuscripts, he burned them. Prussian soldiers were billeted on his house, and as they entered, Flaubert collapsed in a fit of epilepsy which was the worst he had ever endured, and which threatened at first to be fatal. They moved him to Paris, and he recovered a measure of health; it is characteristic that even in his anger and his despair, literature never ceased to occupy the thoughts of Flaubert. But it took a sombre color of its own, quite unlike any aspect with which it had faced him before. He wanted to write novels about Sedan, and dramas about the occupation of Normandy. He proposed to add a second part to "*L'Education Sentimentale*," bringing it down to date. He wandered among the smoking ruins of the Commune, murmuring "*Quelles brutes! quelles brutes!*" and rehearsing the sentences in which he would immortalize their crimes.

Théophile Gautier, too, had always dreaded every form of political and military disturbance. His attitude is perhaps the most pathetic that we discern, possibly because its pathos was so obvious at the time. Gautier, the

most beloved writer of his age, a glowing exponent of the pure spirit of beauty, not to be thought of in connection with darkness or ugliness or dejection, "being," as Swinburne said of him, "so near the sun-god's face," had suffered cruelly in previous distractions, and particularly in those of 1848. He was a gorgeous heliconian lepidopter to whom a drop of rain was ruin. Poor Gautier, when the Prussians formed round Paris, said:

"If I knew an honest Turk who loved French verses, I would settle in his house at Constantinople: in exchange for a few sonnets to the glory of the Prophet, I would beg for a dish of pilaw to eat, a tchibouck to smoke, a carpet to lie down upon, and I would try to forget that I was born into the races of the West, those races that murder and burn and steal, and then turn and say 'I am civilization!'"

Presently, he longed to lie down, not on a carpet but on the pavement of the street, and die. There was a legend that he "retired into his tower of ivory," but Gautier had no such retreat. He was assailed by the blackness of poverty, and Du Camp describes meeting him during the siege, dragging his limbs, prematurely old, his magnificent eyes veiled under their puffed eyelids, and answering, when asked how he was, "Saturated with horror!"

A group of some of the most interesting men of letters in France had been in the habit of dining together at the Café Brébant, and it appears from diaries of the time, and particularly from the journal of Edmond de Goncourt, that they kept up this practice through the siege and well on into the excesses of the Commune. Here Renan, Paul de St. Victor, and Berthelot were constant attendants, and others, now less famous, who enjoyed some private means and were not entirely dependent on their pen for a dinner. We have strange glimpses

of their melancholy symposia: St. Victor wailing out his apocalyptic visions of Death on the pale horse galloping over the fields of France, Renan throwing his arms up to heaven and quoting long passages of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, Goncourt cynically exciting the others to fury by his ironies, Berthelot losing himself in ingenious theories of what chemistry might do to annihilate the German army with explosives and miasmas hitherto undreamed of by mankind. Across this lugubrious company we see passing the strange figure of Zola, occupied with the plan of a series of novels, "an epic in ten volumes," on the life of a modern family of France—a scheme which worked itself out eventually, in many volumes more than ten, as the famous "Rougon-Macquart" series. But Zola, who was much younger than the rest, is the only one of these men of letters who is displayed to us as continuously involved in literary ambition. For the rest, the horrible months, the interminable, desolated, mutilated months, were mere tracts of intellectual wilderness.

In this desert there were some oases of confidence and courage. It is, indeed, curious to note the apparent contradictions which we meet with in the records of that time. On one hand we seem to see a complete paralysis of social order and habit; on the other, within the same stricken city of Paris, life appears following its usual course with singular docility. In contrast to the attitude of Gautier and Flaubert, we must observe that of Gaston Paris, who had just been elected to the Chair of Romance Languages at the Collège de France, and who had announced his first lectures for the autumn and winter of 1870. He was urged to abandon them, but he refused, and, wonderful to relate, they were largely attended. A distinguished French writer, who was a youth at

that time, and an auditor of these lectures, tells me that the noble calm of Gaston Paris, his serene enthusiasm for learning, and his skill in illustrating by medieval examples the unconquerable genius of France, had a miraculous effect in comforting and strengthening young men through those sinister weeks of depression.

The conditions of life during the war of 1870-1 are reflected in several books which are little known in England, and which have a vivid and poignant interest for us to-day. The poet and academician, Victor de Laprade, published in 1872 a volume written "*Pendant la Guerre*," which is well worthy of resuscitation. Laprade, however, gives the provincial and not the Parisian point of view, and his observations were made in Lyons, where, having suffered heavily under the Empire for the independence of his political utterances, he was living at the outbreak of the war in honorable seclusion. But a still more valuable work—and that perhaps which gives the very best impression of the mental disturbance caused by the agitations of hope and fear during the invasion—is "*Une Famille pendant la Guerre*," which consists of letters supposed to be written, and doubtless in the main really written, from country villages in different parts of the invaded provinces during the whole time that the Germans were in France. This book was written by a young woman of great penetration of mind, whose name was Boissonas. It was not printed until 1873, when it enjoyed a wide success, but it has long been out of print. It would be a very useful step for some publisher now to take to reissue these admirable impressions.

The bewilderment of spirit, the species of hallucination into which intellectual people, doomed to inaction, fell is well illustrated by an incident which I owe to my valued friend, his

Excellency the French Ambassador in Washington. It refers to Sully Prudhomme, who was the youngest hope of French poetry when the war broke out in 1870. Sully Prudhomme had greatly desired to fight, but the state of his health made it impossible. He remained in Paris, a prey almost to despair. Gaston Paris, who was Sully Prudhomme's greatest friend, told M. Jusserand that during the siege of Paris the poet was crossing the Place St. Augustin when he lost his way. He asked a man to guide him and was shown his direction, but falling again immediately into a lugubrious reverie he lost it before leaving the Place. He was obliged to ask his way once more, but unfortunately he did so of the very man he had asked originally, who had stopped there watching the odd movements of the poet. This man, now assured that all was wrong, called out "A spy! a spy!", a crowd gathered, two gendarmes hurried up and Sully Prudhomme was hustled very roughly a long way off to the Hôtel de Ville. Once there, explanations were easy, and full apologies were tendered to the already-famous author of "*Les Epreuves*" and "*Les Solitudes*." The authorities courteously asked what they could do to express their grief at so wretched a mistake. "Only this," Sully Prudhomme replied, "let me go back to the Place St. Augustin arm-in-arm with the same two gendarmes who brought me hither."

Sully Prudhomme was one of the few pure men of letters in whom the creative imagination was not paralyzed during the war. He wrote a little sheaf of pieces called "*Impressions de la Guerre*," which belong to the spring of 1871, and these bear upon them, in their imperfection, signs of the intense and painful agitation of the author's mind. As often occurs in like occasions, the emotion in the poet's brain was too violent and too immediate to

allow of due artistic expression. At such times, little is effective in poetry save the denunciations of unmeasured anger. But some of Sully Prudhomme's tender fancies are very pathetic. He addresses the blossoms which sprang from the battle-fields of the north of France in the April of 1871: he reproaches these *fleurs de sang* with their careless beauty:

"O fleurs, de vos tuniques neuves  
Refermez tristement les plis:  
Ne vous sentez-vous pas les veuves  
Des jeunes cœurs ensevelis?

A nos malheurs indifférents,  
Vous vous étalez sans remords:  
Fleurs de France, un peu nos parents,  
Vous devriez pleurer nos morts."

Somebody, in the course of 1871, ventured to rally Victor Hugo on the relaxation of his zeal for the form of government which he had so long and so enthusiastically recommended. The poet admitted that the Commune had, for the time at least, taken away his appetite for republics. Much more positive injury was done to art and literature by the Gardes Nationaux than by the Germans, and this is a fact which must ever be galling to French self-respect. We may almost set against the crime of Louvain the destruction of the Library of the Louvre, the old Bibliothèque du Roi. Under the Commune the thirty volumes of the Trésor de Noailles, the seven hundred volumes of the Gillet and Saint Genis collections, perished by fire. The wretches poured petroleum on the book-shelves, and soaked the bundles of priceless manuscripts; then they set flame to the whole and fled. Out of the neighboring windows of the Louvre, the custodians gazed with blanched faces, and asked one another "Will it be our turn next?" According to a story which lacks confirmation, the blowing-up of Notre Dame had been decided upon by the Commune Government, and was only prevented

by the exertions of the young poet, Verlaine, who had been made Chef de Bureau de la Presse. These were not times in which the intellectual part of Paris could keep calm from one hour to another.

During the siege, it is not too much to say that every brain was occupied with the nightmare caused by lack of food. This alone made mental concentration impossible. There is no more curious evidence remaining than is given in some verses written by Victor Hugo, in a balloon-epistle, on the 10th of January 1871. It may not be poetry, but it is amazingly vivid:

"Nous mangeons du cheval, du rat, de  
l'ours, de l'âne.  
Paris est si bien pris, cerné, muré,  
noué,  
Gardé, que notre ventre est l'arche de  
Noé;  
Dans nos flancs toute bête, honnête ou  
mal-famée,  
Pénètre, et chlen et chat, le mammon,  
le pygmée,  
Tout entre, et la souris rencontre  
l'éléphant."

Prussia, the gigantic tigress, held Paris in her claws, and was biting the great palpitating heart of France, and the form her death-stroke took was starvation. There was no exaggeration in Hugo's catalogue of foods. One night, at Brébant's, what was called a roast saddle of mutton was served to the men of letters. It was admirably cooked, but a waiter admitted that it was really the side of a Newfoundland dog. The hypersensitive Renan, who had swallowed a mouthful, turned green and rushed from the table; the rest, more philosophical, decided that, whatever the mutton might be zoologically, it was delicious; and they finished the "saddle." Ingenious ideas about food and cooking more and more absorbed their thoughts as the siege progressed.

The element of noise, again, recurs incessantly in the memoirs of the war,

and this produced in the minds of sensitive and imaginative persons a perpetual agitation. The constant riot of explosions and detonations, rumblings and trappings, made all effort to sustain thought impossible. The attention was at every moment terrified and distracted. Again, Paris was burning on both sides, "l'éternel incendie" of St. Cloud was followed by the endless conflagration of Auteuil. The artillery of the Germans, and then that of the Versailles, shook the houses to their foundations in perpetual earthquakes, so that pictures and bric-à-brac had to be put in cellars, while books were shaken off their shelves, and lay in dog's-eared heaps along the floors. It was not until the fall of the Commune and the resumption of something like steady government that Paris began to recover from these distracting conditions, and accordingly it is not until after June 1871 that we begin to find literature reasserting itself, and pushing frill shoots up from under the deep layer of dust and scoria that the war had spread over it.

Then it was that, as Théodore de Banville has assured us, Gautier, who had been lying on his bed every day from morning to night, dozing, and reading over and over again the same classic verses, woke up in his narrow bare bedroom in the Rue de Beaune and began to write "Emaux et Camées" once more. Then it was that Flaubert, over whom the cataclysm seemed to have passed without altering an iota in his character or habits, brought out the MS. of "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" and became absorbed in its elaboration. But it was not until December that Edmond de Goncourt,—who may be taken as the purest type of the normal man of letters, entirely devoted to the profession of literature, but not like Flaubert and Gautier detached from all other interests,—that Gon-

court was able to settle his mind to the fabrication of a novel. We may say that the war caused a suspension in France of all literary composition of the higher kind during sixteen or seventeen months.

But it is important to observe that this was a suspension, not a determination. On the face of a history of French literature in the nineteenth century the war of 1870-1 makes scarcely a scar. Even in the biographies of men of letters it is discovered only as a halting-place, not as a break in continuity. A long illness or a voyage round the world would compete with the war of 1870-1 in the mark it might make on the continuous production of a French poet of that age. Those who had private resources withdrew very carefully to their shelters, and sucked their paws like bears till the long winter of their discontent was over. In many cases the war stored up their talents, and concentrated their powers. In particular, it intensified their capacities. People who had loved the fatherland coldly in times of piping peace, blew the coals of their hearts up into a living flame, and the enchantment of France reasserted itself. When the enemy was gone, they took up their work, on the old lines, but with threefold and fourfold zeal. The temper of French imaginative literature is clearly displayed in a fine series of sonnets by Sully Prudhomme, written some years later, called "La France"; space does not lend itself here to long quotation, or I would print in this connection that which begins "Vous qui, des beaux loisirs empruntant les beaux noms." Germany strove to quench the inner flame on the altar of French genius, and she hardly succeeded in extinguishing for the moment a few candles at the church-door.

When we turn to conditions in our own country, we must remember that the effect of such a war as we are



conducting is not comparable with that produced in France by the invasion of 1870. If we were, indeed, to be successfully invaded, the entire outlook of literature in England would be modified to a degree which it is now useless to attempt to foresee. We have a solemn confidence in our navy, and we do not allow ourselves to imagine so great a calamity as its defeat. There is, therefore, no reasonable fear of such a catastrophic cessation of all literary activity as was produced in France early in the month of August last. But the absorption of interest, concentrated on the action of the Allies and on nothing else, had the effect of closing down as immediately, although not so violently or completely, the traffic in books in London. In Paris, during the first weeks of this war, new works by popular authors, which had been selling in very large numbers, died finally and suddenly. For instance, the novel by M. Paul Bourget—"Le Démon de Midi," of which I have spoken—had been selling at the rate of several hundreds a day. After the declaration of war, as I am told, not one single further copy was bought. If we take into consideration the fact that August and September are the months during which the sale of books in England is normally at its lowest, it may be that the decline, though rapid, was not abrupt. A country whose soil is not in imminent danger must always be slower to realize its position than a country actually invaded.

Nor has anything yet happened which should completely cut off the stream of current literature. It will be to the interest of the publishers, even at a greatly diminished profit, to keep that stream flowing as long as they can, in order to float upon it the works which they have paid for, printed and bound, ready for the autumn season which they expected. Of these it is

reasonable to expect that a great many will in due course succeed in being issued, and that every attempt will be made to secure for them what distracted attention a public exercised in other directions can possibly be induced to spare. It is even conceivable that a certain animation of the book-trade may display itself in the late autumn, and an appearance of vitality be evident. How it is to be evinced in a world from which the publisher's advertisement and the book-review have alike vanished, it is rather hard to say. But what we must really face is the fact that this harvest of volumes, be it what it may, will mark the end of what is called "current literature," for the remaining duration of the war. There can be no aftermath, we can aspire to no revival. The book which does not deal directly and crudely with the complexities of warfare and the various branches of strategy, will, from Christmas onwards, not be published at all.

Authors, therefore, if they have not the privilege of fighting, or of otherwise taking active part in the defence of our country, will be subjected to the most painful restrictions. They will have to breathe, so well as they can, in a Leyden jar of neglect and oblivion. When the mountains and the heritage of Esau were laid waste by the dragons of the wilderness, we are told that those who feared the Lord spoke often one to another. In the coming days of drought and discomfort, while so much active benevolence is distributed, the authors of England will be drawn more and more to one another, and must organize, without fussiness or self-advertisement, more and more effective schemes of mutual help. Young writers, in particular, will be sure to suffer, and those branches of literature which are most delicate, admirable and original will be attacked suddenly, and for the time

being fatally. For the rubbishy romance, "without a dull page from cover to cover," and for the popular essay made up of daisy-chains of commonplace reflection, we need feel no regret. The silencing of these importunate babblings will be a public benefit. But the writer, who, at the outset of what promised to be a brilliant career, was concentrating the in-

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tensity of his energies, without thought of gain, on the production of works of positive merit,—he deserves and he must receive from those who value the intellectual wealth of the nation all the succor that can be spared to him. For he also is a patriot, who dedicates his imagination to the glory of his country.

Edmund Gosse.

## RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

The tremendous energy with which Russia has thrown herself into the war with Germany and Austria-Hungary, and her wonderful military successes, have filled the world with awe and amazement. Russia was generally supposed to be a ponderous, indolent, and inefficient Power, incapable of making a great and successful military effort outside her own borders. The disastrous defeats which she had suffered in all her former wars with Turkey, Sweden, Prussia, France, and Japan were widely remembered and had caused many people to believe that Russia was still "a giant with feet of clay"; that "General Winter" was still her best, if not her only, general. The leading German soldiers looked upon the Russian Army with undisguised contempt. On the eve of war the *Militär Wochenblatt*, the official German Army weekly, wrote that the Russian Army was greatly over-estimated; that numbers were less important than *moral*, ability of the higher officers, the national spirit, railways, geographical factors, &c. Moreover, many believed that Russia would only half-heartedly go to war with her Western neighbors, in view of the fact that Germany and Austro-Hungary greatly resemble Russia in character and political organization; that the Emperors of Germany and Austria-

Hungary were, and always have been, the strongest supporters of Russian autocracy and of Russian absolutism; that the century-old friendship of the Russian and German dynasties and the recollection of the Holy Alliance and of the Three Emperors' League would exercise a restraining influence upon Russia's attack. The events of the last few weeks show that a new Russia has arisen; that the influence which Germany and Austria-Hungary possessed over her in the past is gone. It is therefore worth while to consider the reasons which have brought about an apparently irremediable breach between Russia and her western neighbors, and then to consider the cause of Russia's unparalleled military success and the probable direction and consequences of a Russian advance into the territories of her opponents.

Those who wish to understand Russo-German relations must be acquainted with their historical development. At a time when Germany was already highly advanced in civilization, the territory adjoining Germany towards the east was a savage country peopled by heathens. That country was, not unnaturally, considered by Germans of the Middle Ages as their domain. Hence, German settlers who sought new homes emigrated eastward, settled down among the native Slavs,

treating them as an inferior race. Between the twelfth and the eighteenth century practically the entire German emigration went eastward. Under the direction of the German knights, German rule was established among the Slavonic peoples with the sword. They were followed by German farmers and peasants, who cleared the land of forests, brought it into proper cultivation, constructed roads, built towns and harbors, and created civilization in the wilderness. That has been the genesis of modern Prussia.

The Slavs of Russia were brought into contact with German civilization in the west. Not unnaturally, Russia's rulers desired to improve their country by introducing into it the culture of their western neighbors. Rulers such as Ivan III., Ivan IV., Peter the Great, and Catherine the Second attracted large numbers of Germans into the country. They not only introduced German administrators, officers, and other eminent servants of the State, but also large numbers of artisans, peasants, and cultivators. Herein lies the reason that, according to German accounts, about 2,000,000 Germans live at present in Russia. The immigrant Germans soon began to monopolize the higher and more lucrative positions in the Army and in the Civil Service. Most of the Russian Generals known to history bear German names. Until lately, the ruling element in Russia, the leading men of the Army and of the bureaucracy were either of German nationality, or of German descent. Not unnaturally, the Germans were detested by the native Russians, whom they supplanted, and over whom they ruled. They were as much detested as were the Greeks and Armenians, who, until lately, carried on the administration and diplomacy of the Ottoman Empire.

The Germans dominated Russia not only owing to their predominant posi-

tion in the administrative and executive services of the country, but also owing to the enormous influence which they wielded in the Imperial family and throughout Russian society. During the last century and a half the wives of nearly all the Russian Tsars were German Princesses. As a matter of fact, the House of Romanoff became replaced by a German family, the House of Holstein-Gottorp. Peter the Third, a Prince of the House of Holstein-Gottorp, who despised Russia and the Russians, became Tsar, and he married the daughter of another German, the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, who became known to history as Catherine the Second (or the Great). Their son, Tsar Paul, married a Princess of Württemberg. His successor, Alexander the First, married a Princess of Baden. The next Tsar, Nicolas I., married a Princess of Prussia. Alexander II. married a Hessian Princess. Alexander III. married the daughter of the King of Denmark, and the present Tsar, Nicolas II., a daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse. All the Tsars who succeeded Peter the Great, except one, married German Princesses. It became the fashion for impecunious German Princesses to marry into wealthy Russian families. Besides, Russian Princes or noblemen strove to marry German Princesses in order to be in the fashion. Many wealthy Russian Princesses similarly endeavored to obtain German husbands. Exactly as the Russian Civil Service and the Russian Army were exploited by enterprising Germans, Russian society was exploited by needy German Princes and Princesses who desired to improve their financial position by a Russian marriage. Most Germans who married Russians considered that they had exchanged a higher civilization for a lower one, and treated the native Russians with contempt. Their attitude naturally increased the bitterness

against the intruders. Germany exercised an enormous influence in Russia by pressure from above, by dominating the Imperial House, society, and the administrative apparatus; but the people hated the Germans for their overbearing attitude.

The German rulers looked upon Russia with contempt mingled with fear. They felt contempt for her lack of civilization, but at the same time feared an encounter with that mighty State. Frederick the Great wrote:—

*"De tous les voisins de la Prusse, l'empire de Russie est le plus dangereux tant par sa puissance que par sa situation locale: ceux qui gouverneront ce pays (la Prusse) après moi ont lieu de cultiver l'amitié de ces barbares, puisqu'ils sont à portée de ruiner la Prusse de fond en comble par le nombre immense de leurs troupes légères et qu'on ne peut leur rendre le mal qu'ils peuvent faire, à cause de la misère de leur pays, le plus confiné de la Prusse, et des déserts qu'il faudrait passer avant d'arriver en Ukraine."*

Frederick the Great had experienced the danger of Russia's enmity. Desiring to assure Prussia of Russia's goodwill and co-operation, he suggested to Austria and Russia the partition of Poland. Henceforth Poland became the connecting-link between Russia and the two Germanic States. All three were equally interested in preserving their Polish territory. As long as there was a common danger of a successful Polish revolt and of the reconstitution of Poland as an independent State, the co-operation of the three Empires was assured. Germany and Austria-Hungary not only exploited Russia through German princesses, officials, and officers, but treated the Russian Empire like a big and stupid fellow and made use of that country's enormous strength for their own advantage. In Poland and elsewhere Russia was made to pursue a policy

made in Berlin and Vienna. That has been particularly clear with regard to the Polish question. In the 'sixties the Tsar and Prince Gortchakoff intended to introduce a more liberal policy into Poland. That policy would not have suited Bismarck, who desired that the Polish ulcer should remain, that the danger of a Polish revolt should continue to unite Russia with her western neighbors. Bismarck, who was the Prussian ambassador in Petrograd at the time, strove to persuade the Tsar, with whom he was on excellent terms, to pursue an anti-Polish policy in opposition to that desired by himself, and proposed by his principal adviser, Prince Gortchakoff. He succeeded in embittering the relations between Russians and Poles, and when, in 1863, a dangerous Polish revolt broke out, Bismarck, who meanwhile had become Prussian Prime Minister, powerfully supported Russia's anti-Polish policy, concluding a treaty whereby he pledged Prussia to assist Russia in combating the Poles. The fact that he succeeded in persuading the Tsar to follow a Polish policy beneficial to Germany is apparent from the fifteenth chapter of his Memoirs, in which we read:—

*"Those Russians who demanded a constitution for themselves pleaded at times in excuse for the Poles that they were not governable by Russians, and that as they grew more civilized they became entitled to a share in the administration of their country. . . . The conflict of opinion was very lively in St. Petersburg when I left that capital in April, 1862, and it so continued throughout my first year of office. I took charge of the Foreign Office, under the impression that the insurrection which had broken out on January 1st, 1863, brought up the question not only of the interests of our eastern provinces, but also that wider one, whether the Russian cabinet were dominated by Polish or anti-Polish proclivities, by an effort after Russo-*

Polish fraternization in the anti-German pan-Slavist interest, or by one for mutual reliance between Russia and Prussia. . . .

" . . . For the German future of Prussia the attitude of Russia was a question of great importance. A philo-Polish Russian policy was calculated to vivify that Russo-French sympathy against which Prussia's effort had been directed since the peace of Paris, and, indeed, on occasion earlier, and an alliance (friendly to Poland) between Russia and France, such as was in the air before the Revolution of July, would have placed the Prussia of that day in a difficult position. It was our interest to oppose the party in the Russian cabinet which had Polish proclivities, even when they were the proclivities of Alexander I. . . .

"Our geographical position, and the intermixture of both nationalities in the eastern provinces, including Silesia, compel us to retard, as far as possible, the opening of the Polish question, and even in 1863 made it appear advisable to do our best not to facilitate, but to obviate the opening of this question by Russia."

In 1886 Bismarck introduced his celebrated settlement policy for the Polish districts of Prussia. A large fund was to be created with which Polish proprietors were to be bought out and German peasants settled on the soil evacuated by them. At the time the leader of the Conservative party told Bismarck that his contemplated policy would be costly, and would prove impracticable. However, Bismarck prevailed upon him to support his Polish settlement Bill, and to vote for it with his party, because that measure was required not for domestic reasons, but for reasons of foreign policy. Russia was once more to be frightened with the Polish bogey, and to be prevailed upon to follow an anti-Polish policy for Germany's advantage.

Rulers of an autocracy are subject to fear. German statesmen have en-

deavored to earn Russia's gratitude and support by pointing out to the Russian rulers the two-fold danger of Nihilism and Polonism. Every revolt in Western Europe, every attempt of the nations to obtain a little more self-government, was depicted by them to the autocrat of Russia as a danger to all sovereigns. Thus Russia's support was solicited against the international forces of revolution, from the time of the first French Revolution up to the present date. When, in 1871, the German armies were before Paris, Bismarck feared the intervention of the European Powers. As soon as the Commune was declared, Bismarck, naturally, sent long despatches to the Tsar, in which he described how all the revolutionaries of the world, French, Republicans, Italian Garibaldians, and Polish refugees from Russia, had combined in Paris, that the revolution against all thrones would soon spread, and that it was in the interests of all monarchs to present a united front against the forces of revolution. The identical arguments which had been used by Prince Metternich from 1815 to 1848 in order to obtain Russia's support for his policy were used by Prince Bismarck, from the time he came to power to the end of his career. His anti-Socialist policy also was largely shaped with a view to retain some sort of control over Russia's foreign policy and make it subservient to that of Germany.

Both Germany and Austria owe their existence to Russia. When Prussia was fatally defeated by Napoleon at Jena and Auerstädt, the Royal Family fled towards Russia, the King implored Russia for aid, and Russia came to Prussia's assistance. After her victory of 1812, Russia was secure against another Napoleonic attack. She need not have renewed the war in 1813. However, she gave way to Prussia's entreaties and overthrew Napoleon's



power in conjunction with the other States in the great War of Deliverance. If in 1813 Russia had refused to embark upon another war with France, a war which, after all, was scarcely in Russia's interest, modern Germany would never have been created. Russia saved Prussia from annihilation in the time of Napoleon, and she enabled Bismarck to establish the German Empire. Italy owed France her independence, and Austria had been defeated by Prussia in 1866. Hence, Napoleon III. calculated upon the assistance of Austria and Italy in a war with Prussia. However, in 1870, Russia threatened Austria with an immediate attack should she come to France's aid. If it had not been for Russia's attitude the Franco-Prussian war would not have taken place, the German Empire would scarcely have been created.

In view of the services which she had rendered to Prusso-Germany in the past, Russia naturally expected some gratitude in return. However, at the Peace of Berlin Bismarck deprived Russia of all the fruits of her hardly-won victory over the Turks, and gave Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria-Hungary. Thus he created a deep and abiding hostility between the two Empires and forced Austria into an alliance with Germany directed against Russia. Naturally, all Russians were deeply incensed at Bismarck's craft and Germany's ingratitude.

Russia has similar complaints against Austria. Austria-Hungary also owes her existence to Russia's action, and the present Emperor owes his crown to the Russian Tsar. The Allies would scarcely have won their war against Napoleon, they would scarcely have dared to enter upon a struggle with him, had not Russia been on their side. Russia was the backbone of Europe's resistance to the great Corsican. From 1815 to 1848 Metternich fre-

quently intrigued against Russia. The revolution which broke out in that year forced the Austrian Chancellor to flee from Vienna in disguise. The present Emperor came to the throne in that disastrous year. He found all his dominions in revolt. The insurgents gained victory after victory over the Emperor's troops. The Hungarian revolt was particularly dangerous. It threatened to destroy the Austrian Empire. In his despair, Francis Joseph appealed to the Tsar, and within two hours from the moment when he received this request for aid, the Tsar dispatched orders to his Army to enter Hungary and to attack the armies of the Hungarian Revolutionaries. A force of 130,000 Russian soldiers crossed the frontier, overthrew the Hungarian armies. Francis Joseph owed his crown to Russia's timely and most generous aid.

A few years after this event the Crimean War broke out. France and England opposed Russia's expansion in the direction of Constantinople. The attitude of Austria became most important. If she had observed a benevolent neutrality, Russia would have triumphed over the combined forces of France, England, and Turkey. However, by mobilizing a large army and placing it on the Russian border, Austria compelled Russia to divide her forces. If the Russian army facing the Austrian frontier could have been used in the south, Russia would have won the war. She lost the Crimean War, not through the victories won by the Allies, but through Austria's treacherous action. Thus the Emperor Francis Joseph repaid Russia with ingratitude for the priceless service which she had rendered to him a few years previously. Ever since, Austria has pursued an anti-Russian policy in the Balkan Peninsula.

The Russian people have in the past suffered severely under the rule of an

absolute bureaucracy, a bureaucracy which, it must be remembered, was largely directed by Germans, and which, at any rate, pursued German methods in that country. That must to a very large extent be ascribed to the German influence exercised in the Russian administration, in Russian society, and in the Russian Imperial family.

The foregoing details should suffice to show the causes which have brought about an unexampled explosion of hatred against Germany, Austria-Hungary, and everything German throughout Russia. This movement signifies the awakening of the national consciousness of the Slavs against the insidious methods of Austria-Hungary and Germany, and against their exploitation by Germans hailing from both countries. Hatred against Germany, Austria, and everything German has been accumulating in Russia for a long time. That hatred was greatly increased during the last two decades. Exactly as Bismarck strove to make Russia harmless by inducing her to make war upon the Turks, William the Second induced Russia to waste her strength in the Far East. The Russo-Japanese War has been very largely of Germany's making, and every Russian knows it. It was intended to cripple Russia for many years to come, but it has failed to achieve its object. The Russo-Japanese War, far from crippling Russia, has greatly increased her strength. The terrible lessons inflicted upon her have caused Russia to set her house in order. They have had an effect similar to that of the Prussian defeat in 1806. After her disasters in Manchuria, Russia set to work to reorganize the country and her army. The wonderful efficiency of the Russian forces was acquired on the stricken fields of Manchuria. At the outbreak of the present war Russia was far

stronger than she was before her war with Japan.

The strength of Russia lies in the number and the character of her people. Nowadays, when the entire able-bodied population goes to war, numbers, national character, and fighting ability are the decisive factors. Germany has 67,000,000 inhabitants, Austria-Hungary has 53,000,000 inhabitants, Russia has 180,000,000 inhabitants. By the numbers of her population Russia has a 50 per cent superiority over Germany and Austria-Hungary combined. The Russians are united. The Poles have been reconciled to Russia by the promise of national self-government and a reconstitution of the ancient kingdom of Poland under Russian protection. The Finns are only few. All Russians are united in the crusade for Slavism and against German domination. All Russians instinctively feel that the future of Slavism is at stake. All intelligent Russians are aware that Germany and Austria have tried their best to disintegrate Russia. The Germans have been responsible for an anti-Russian agitation in Poland, Finland, and Sweden, and the Austrians have endeavored by a lavish expenditure of secret funds to create a secessionist movement in the Ukraine. The Russians are sentimentalists. In no nation is there so strong a feeling of brotherliness and of racial oneness as there is among the Slavs. While all Russians possess a strong sense of solidarity, the 53,000,000 people dwelling in Austria-Hungary are torn by racial feuds, and they are held together only by compulsion, by an all-powerful police and bureaucracy, reinforced by a powerful State Church and the Army. Besides, among the Russians the crusading spirit is very strong. For decades and decades they have heard with anger of the repression of their Slav brothers in the Balkan Peninsula and in Austria-

Hungary, and they know that the Balkan Slavs have remained under the Turkish yoke because Austria-Hungary has always opposed Russia's policy of freeing the Slavs from Turkish tyranny, and has supported the Turks by all means in her power. The Russian people see in the present war a war of deliverance, for which they have longed for decades; a war of deliverance of the oppressed Slavs outside Russia, and a war of deliverance of Russia herself from Austro-German domination and from Austro-German intrigue.

The Russians are simple-minded, religious, and absolutely obedient to their officers. In their unquestioning obedience lies their strength. Most armies will retire and flee when a moderate percentage of the men have been killed. Russian armies have been known to be victorious after having lost half the number of men engaged. Frederick the Great and Napoleon I. have found out to their cost that the wonderful staying power of the Russian soldiers was often more valuable than the genius of the great soldiers who attacked them. Both Frederick the Great and Napoleon suffered their severest defeats from Russians. The Russians are celebrated not only for their great staying power in battle, but also for their wonderful endurance on the march. This is, after all, only natural. While the great majority of the German soldiers are drawn from the town, the overwhelming majority of the Russian soldiers come from the country. They are inured to all hardships, to severe weather, to life in the open, and to great frugality. They can live under conditions which would destroy German or Austrian troops.

The Russian troops are undoubtedly superior to the Austrian and German troops in numbers, staying power, and endurance. Russia's weakness lies in her lack of a broad middle-class fur-

nishing the officers, and in the paucity of her roads and railways. European Russia is a country practically devoid of stone. Consequently, few properly-made roads exist. There are some military high roads, but the vast majority of roads are mere tracks, which become impassable after a heavy rain. France has exactly ten times the mileage of roads possessed by gigantic Russia. It has often happened in Russia's military history that an army was rain-bound during a month and longer. Russia not only lacks roads, but also railways. A glance at the map shows that only a few railways lead from Russia's interior towards Germany and Austria-Hungary. In the past Russia has not encouraged railway-building in the west, because she intended to pursue a defensive policy, and numerous railways leading westward would facilitate invasion by an enemy. The paucity of her railways, which would facilitate her defence, naturally greatly impedes her attack upon Germany and Austria-Hungary. While Germany and Austria-Hungary can place their entire military forces on the frontier within a few days, Russia can do so only after several months. It is therefore most admirable that she has been able to concentrate on her western frontier within a few weeks a very large portion of her troops, a number large enough to defeat, if not destroy, the Austrian armies opposed to her.

Russia's two objectives in the war are, of course, Berlin and Vienna, and as Germany is the more dangerous opponent of the two, Berlin is more important to her than the Austrian capital. Of course, it is clear that Russia cannot advance in the direction of Berlin or Vienna unless her flanks are secure against an attack in force. With the great increase in the mechanical appliances carried by an army, and in the ammunition required by

modern magazine rifles and quick-firing guns, the security of the lines of communications connecting the Army with its magazines and arsenals at home has become more important than ever. Russia could obviously not advance upon Berlin and Vienna without having dealt with the armies on her flank. With this object in view, she attacked the German forces in East Prussia and the Austrian armies in Galicia. After defeating two German army corps south of Königsberg, the Russian troops were, in their turn, defeated by superior German forces. On the other hand, they were victorious against the Austrian main army, which apparently is shattered. Lemberg has fallen, and all Galicia stands open to the Russian invader. Galicia is a very important Austrian province. It has 8,000,000 inhabitants. It possesses a flourishing agriculture and it is Austria's most important centre for the production of salt and petroleum. As the present war is largely conducted by motor-cars, Russia's occupation of the only territory from which Germany and Austria-Hungary can draw the necessary motor-spirit is a very heavy blow to both Powers.

Having cleared her left flank, Russia will probably now clear her right flank of the enemy and proceed to the invasion of Germany and Austria-Hungary. She will presumably clear the province of East Prussia in a few days. East Prussia is one of the largest Prussian provinces. It is considerably larger than Belgium. It is militarily very valuable, because it is the leading horse-breeding province, and it is sentimentally very dear to all Prussians, because Königsberg is their old capital, and Marienburg has been the old stronghold of the Order of the German Knights. Russia's westward progress from East Prussia is impeded by the River Vistula. This river is wide and deep, and it has so powerful

a current that it cannot be bridged when it is in flood. All the existing bridges are strongly fortified. Hence Russia may be expected not to force the River Vistula in German territory, but to cross it in Russian territory, and then clear the province of West Prussia from hostile forces. She will possibly only observe the important fortresses of Königsberg and Dantzic. These are two of the most important harbors of Prussia. Their loss will strike a fearful blow at Germany's prestige. They cannot very easily be besieged, because Germany dominates the Baltic, and can always reinforce these fortresses from the sea. West Prussia is somewhat smaller than East Prussia. Both East Prussia and West Prussia produce vast quantities of grain. They have a very large surplus, which is sent to the industrial west of Germany. The occupation of Eastern Germany by Russian troops will therefore accentuate the shortage of food felt in Germany, especially as the harvest has probably not yet been brought in and been shipped to the West.

To the south-west of the province of West Prussia lies the province of Posen. It is very largely inhabited by Poles, who will greet in the Russians their deliverers. It is defended by the important fortress of Posen and some smaller fortresses. South of the province of Posen lies the province of Silesia, by far the largest and wealthiest province of Old Prussia. It is considerably larger than the Rhenish province, and it has 5,500,000 inhabitants. Silesia is extremely wealthy by reason of her flourishing agriculture, her large coal deposits, and her great manufacturing industries. The South-east corner of Silesia contains one of the greatest German manufacturing centres. There are situated the largest coal deposits on the Continent of Europe, and around the coal measures are colossal iron works, cotton and woollen.

mills, and thousands of factories of every kind. The loss of these coal mines, which at present produce more than 50,000,000 tons of coal per annum, will be a fearful blow to Germany, especially as she suffers already from a great shortage of coal, all her able-bodied miners having gone to the war. The southern part of Silesia is peopled chiefly by Poles. In a reconstruction following the war, that Polish district, with its enormous manufacturing industries and its vast coal beds, will very likely be taken away from Germany and be added to the new Polish State. Unfortunately for Germany, Silesia is not fortified towards Russia. Not very far from the frontier lies Breslau, the capital of the Province. This is the second largest town of Prussia, and the fifth largest of Germany, Hamburg, Munich, and Dresden only being larger. By the irony of fate the Eastern Provinces of Germany, which may shortly be over-run by the Russians, are inhabited by the landed nobility, by the very people who have been responsible for this iniquitous war, and their homes may be treated in the same way in which the German troops have treated the homes of the unfortunate Belgians. Russia mobilizes slowly, owing to the vast distances of the country and the paucity of roads and railways. In order not to be surprised in the initial stages of the war, she began her concentration at a safe distance from the Austro-German frontier, and the Austrian and German troops used the respite for invading Russia. As the invaders have acted as brutally and inhumanly in Russian Poland as they have in Belgium, the incensed Russian soldiers will possibly retaliate on their enemies for all the suffering they have caused. Before long we may hear loud complaints from Germany about the Russian invaders.

Even if the Russians should defeat

the German armies sent against them, their advance towards Berlin may not be very fast. The Germans will no doubt endeavor to check their progress at every step. Besides, the difficulties of the country east of Berlin facilitate its defence. It is chiefly flat, but extensive lakes, morasses, and forests impede the progress of a large army. Besides, vast inundations can be produced by cutting the dykes which regulate the rivers. With the approach of winter, however, the difficulties offered by lakes, swamps, and inundations will be overcome, and the Russians, who are accustomed to the severest winters, may be able to bear the hardships of a winter campaign more easily than the German troops, who are mostly town-bred.

In order not to experience a surprise attack on the flank, Russia will have to dispatch a considerable force against Vienna. That town can be approached by the passes leading through the Carpathian mountains and by the great Valley route *viâ* Cracow. Hitherto, the Cracow route has been the favorite route of invading armies. Austria's difficulty in opposing a Russian invasion is great. Her principal armies have been shattered. Panic seems to have seized the soldiers. Her Slavonic provinces may revolt, and the Slavs are in a large majority in Austria-Hungary. Besides, the Serbian Army, having defeated and routed the Austrian forces which endeavored to invade Serbia, will raise the Serbian provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Croatia-Slavonia in revolt, and will probably advance through the wide open Danube valley in the direction of Budapest and Vienna.

In the near future Germany should become a more serious opponent to Russia than she has been hitherto. Germany is very strong for defence on her west frontier. The broad and deep Rhine, with its powerful current, can-



not easily be crossed in the face of a determined and well-armed defender. Excellent railways run parallel with the river, and enable the defending forces to be rapidly moved hither and thither. All the important bridges are protected by powerful fortresses, and the principal fortresses, Strasburg, Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, lie astride the river, and can be besieged only after a successful crossing. The Rhine is comparatively easily bridgeable in its upper reaches; but here the position is greatly strengthened by the enormous fortifications of Metz lying in front of Mayence, while further south, between Strasburg and Basle, the Rhine position is greatly strengthened by the mountain chain of the Black Forest lying in its rear. In the words of General Niox, a great French authority, the Rhine position is the strongest fortified position in the world. Germany may conceivably endeavor to act on the defensive on the Rhine and in Alsace-Lorraine, and throw the bulk of her army against Russia. There is much reason for such action. A glance at the map shows that Berlin and Vienna are at a comparatively short distance from the Russian frontier. Unless the Russians are opposed in great strength, they could reach Berlin and Vienna in about three weeks, for less than 200 miles separate the two capitals from the nearest portion of the Russian border. Besides, the Russian armies would create such fearful havoc in the provinces of Eastern Germany, which they can easily over-run, that Germany must endeavor to stop their progress at all costs. The vast damage which the Russians wrought in the time of Frederick the Great is still in the remembrance of the people. A successful invasion of the Russians threatening Berlin would create a panic throughout Germany. Lastly, Germany has to depend for her defence on the

great resources of the eastern half of the Empire. She cannot allow it to fall into Russian hands. The principal theatre of the war may soon be that in the East.

A successful Russian advance should lead to a prompt re-creation of the Kingdom of Poland. The north-western half of Galicia is Polish, and the south-eastern half is peopled by Ruthenians. The Ruthenian part will presumably be embodied in Russia and the Polish in Poland. Southern Silesia, the province of Posen, and a large portion of the province of West Prussia, with Dantzic, is peopled by Poles and belonged to the ancient kingdom of Poland, and it will undoubtedly also be joined to it. East Prussia with Königsberg was an enclave in Polish territory, and was tributary to the King of Poland. The time of enclaves is gone. Königsberg and its territory will most likely become part of the Kingdom of Poland, should it be re-constituted.

The re-creation of the Kingdom of Poland should have the most far-reaching influence upon Russia, upon Russian policy, and upon Russia's future. The war has been undertaken on the part of Russia for the freeing of subject nationalities. After the peace, the subject nations will be allowed to belong to themselves. The Serbian provinces of Austria-Hungary will undoubtedly demand to be joined to Serbia, and a Greater Serbia of 10,000,000 inhabitants will arise. The Roumanian districts of Hungary bordering upon Roumania will no doubt desire to be joined to that State, and a Roumanian State counting 10,000,000 inhabitants will come into being. A Polish State possessed of two excellent harbors and inhabited by 20,000,000 people will arise, and it will act as a buffer State between Russia and Germany. Having followed a liberal policy, a policy of nationalism towards

Poles, Serbs, and Roumanians, Russia cannot very well follow a policy of absolutism and oppression toward the different nationalities dwelling in her own borders. Finland will probably obtain self-government. The denationalizing policy of Russia, which was inspired by German and Austrian statesmen; will probably be abandoned for a policy of toleration which is more in accordance with the Slavonic spirit. By a policy of toleration, Russia may make herself the leader among the Slavonic nations. By a policy of denationalization and oppression she would raise for herself enemies within and without her borders.

The opinion has often been expressed that if Russia should be victorious in this war, she would become more dangerous to Great Britain than Germany ever could be. That fear seems to be unjustified. Russia's expenditure on the present war in men and money is so enormous that she will require decades to recover, and during these decades the British Empire will grow in population, in unity and in strength, and for all we know a reunion of the Anglo-Saxon nations, an Anglo-American reunion, may take place in the meantime. It would certainly take place if the Russian Colossus should threaten the British Empire.

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Besides, Russia requires peace. The present Tsar is a man of peace. He wishes to make his country prosperous and contented, and to make it a modern State. Russia has few railways, scarcely any roads; her agriculture is most primitive; her mines and industries are almost undeveloped; her forests are most wastefully exploited, and her people are poor and ignorant. During many decades Russia will have to spend money like water in order to provide her people with the bare necessities of a civilized existence and with the most elementary form of education. For decades Russia cannot think of conquest; but if she should be rash enough to desire rather glory than solid advantage; if she should once more embark upon an anti-British policy in Asia, as she has done hitherto at Germany's bidding, means would undoubtedly be found to check her. However, we have no reason to anticipate such developments. Russia's task consists not in increasing her gigantic territories, but in developing them, and all Russians know it. During the next generation Russia will endeavor to become a great civilizing factor. Having destroyed the militarism of Napoleon and of William II., she will not introduce a militarism of her own.

Politicus.

## THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

I. AB OVO.

"Squoad—'Shun! Move to the right in fours. Form—fourrrs!"

The audience addressed looks up with languid curiosity, but makes no attempt to comply with the speaker's request.

"Come away, now, come away!" urges the instructor, mopping his brow. "Mind me: on the command

'form fours,' odd numbers will stand fast; even numbers tak' a shairp pace to the rear and anither to the right. Now—form fourrrs!"

The squad stands fast, to a man. Apparently—nay, verily—they are all odd numbers.

The instructor addresses a gentleman in a decayed Homburg hat, who is chewing tobacco in the front rank.

"Yous, what's your number?"

The ruminant ponders.

"Seeven fower ought seeven seeven," he announces, after a prolonged mental effort.

The instructor raises clenched hands to heaven.

"Man, I'm no askin' you your regimental number! Never heed that. It's your number in the squad I'm seeking. You numbered off frae the right five minutes syne."

Ultimately it transpires that the culprit's number is ten. He is pushed into his place, in company with the other even numbers, and the squad finds itself approximately in fours.

"Forrm—two *deep*!" barks the instructor.

The fours disentangle themselves reluctantly, Number Ten being the last to forsake his post.

"Now we'll dae it jist yince more, and have it right," announces the instructor, with quite unjustifiable optimism. "Forrm—*fourrs*!"

This time the result is better, but there is confusion on the left flank.

"Yon man, oot there on the left," shouts the instructor, "what's your number?"

Private Mucklewame, whose mind is slow but tenacious, answers—not without pride at knowing—

"Nineteen!"

(Thank goodness, he reflects, odd numbers stand fast upon all occasions.)

"Weel, mind this," says the sergeant—"Left files is always even numbers, even though they are odd numbers."

This revelation naturally clouds Private Mucklewame's intellect for the afternoon; and he wonders dimly, not for the first time, why he ever abandoned his well-paid and well-fed job as a butcher's assistant in distant Wishaw ten long days ago.

And so the drill goes on. All over the drab, dusty, gritty parade-ground,

under the warm September sun, similar squads are being pounded into shape. They have no uniforms yet: even their instructors wear bowler hats or cloth caps. Some of the faces under the brims of these hats are not too prosperous. The junior officers are drilling squads too. They are a little shaky in what an actor would call their "patter," and they are inclined to lay stress on the wrong syllables; but they move their squads about somehow. Their seniors are dotted about the square, vigilant and helpful—here prompting a rusty sergeant instructor, there unravelling a squad which, in a spirited but misguided endeavor to obey an impossible order from Second-Lieutenant Bobby Little, has wound itself up into a formation closely resembling the third figure of the Lancers.

Over there, by the officers' mess, stands the Colonel. He is in uniform, with a streak of parti-colored ribbon running across above his left-hand breast-pocket. He is pleased to call himself a "dug-out." A fortnight ago he was fishing in the Garry, his fighting days avowedly behind him, and only the Special Reserve between him and *embonpoint*. Now he finds himself pitchforked back into the Active List, at the head of a battalion eleven hundred strong.

He surveys the scene. Well, his officers are all right. The Second in Command has seen almost as much service as himself. Of the four company commanders, two have been commandeered while home on leave from India, and the other two have practised the art of war in company with brother Boer. Of the rest, there are three subalterns from the Second Battalion—left behind, to their unspeakable woe—and four from the O.T.C. The juniors are very junior, but keen as mustard.

But the men! Is it possible? Can

that awkward, shy, self-conscious mob, with scarcely an old soldier in their ranks, be pounded, within the space of a few months, into the Seventh (Service) Battalion of the Bruce and Wallace Highlanders—one of the most famous regiments in the British Army?

The Colonel's boyish figure stiffens.

"They're a rough crowd," he murmurs, "and a tough crowd: but they're a stout crowd. By gad! we'll make them a credit to the Old Regiment yet!"

## II. THE DAILY GRIND.

We have been in existence for more than three weeks now, and occasionally we are conscious of a throb of real life. Squad drill is almost a thing of the past, and we work by platoons of over fifty men. To-day our platoon once marched, in perfect step, for seven complete and giddy paces, before disintegrating into its usual formation—namely, in advance in irregular *echelon*, by individuals.

Four platoons form a company, and each platoon is (or should be) led by a subaltern, acting under his company commander. But we are very short of subalterns at present. (We are equally short of N.C.O.'s; but then you can always take a man out of the ranks and christen him sergeant, whereas there is no available source of Second Lieutenants save capricious Whitehall.) Consequently, three platoons out of four in our company are at present commanded by N.C.O.'s, two of whom appear to have retired from active service about the time that bows and arrows began to yield place to the arquebus, while the third has been picked out of the ranks simply because he possesses a loud voice and a cake of soap. None of them has yet mastered the new drill—it was all changed at the beginning of this year—and the majority of the officers are in no position to correct their anachronisms.

Still, we are getting on. Number

Three Platoon (which boasts a subaltern) has just marched right round the barrack square, without—

(1) Marching through another platoon.

(2) Losing any part or parts of itself.

(3) Adopting a formation which brings it face to face with a blank wall, or piles it up in a tidal wave upon the veranda of the married quarters.

They could not have done that a week ago.

But stay, what is this disturbance on the extreme left? The command "Right form" has been given, but six files on the outside flank have ignored the suggestion, and are now advancing (in skirmishing order) straight for the ashbin outside the cookhouse door, looking piteously round over their shoulders for some responsible person to give them an order which will turn them about and bring them back to the fold. Finally they are rounded up by the platoon sergeant, and restored to the strength.

"What went wrong, Sergeant?" inquires Second-Lieutenant Bobby Little. He is a fresh-faced youth, with an engaging smile. Three months ago he was keeping wicket for his school eleven.

The sergeant comes briskly to attention.

"The order was not distinctly heard by the men, sir," he explains, "owing to the corporal that passed it on wanting a tooth. Corporal Blain, three paces forward—march!"

Corporal Blain steps forward, and after remembering to slap the small of his butt with his right hand, takes up his parable—

"I was sittin' doon tae ma dinner on Sabbath, sir, when my front teeth met upon a small piece bone that was stickit' in——"

Further details of this gastronomic

tragedy are cut short by the blast of a whistle. The Colonel, at the other side of the square, has given the signal for the end of parade. Simultaneously a bugle rings out cheerfully from the direction of the orderly-room. Breakfast, blessed breakfast, is in sight. It is nearly eight, and we have been as busy as bees since six.

At a quarter to nine the battalion parades for a route march. This, strange as it may appear, is a comparative rest. Once you have got your company safely decanted from column of platoons into column of route, your labors are at an end. All you have to do is to march; and that is no great hardship when you are as hard as nails, as we are fast becoming. On the march the mental gymnastics involved by the formation of an advanced guard or the disposition of a piquet line are removed to a safe distance. There is no need to wonder gullitly whether you have sent out a connecting-file between the vanguard and the main-guard, or if you remembered to instruct your sentry groups as to the position of the enemy and the extent of their own front.

Second-Lieutenant Little heaves a contented sigh, and steps out manfully along the dusty road. Behind him tramp his men. We have no pipers as yet, but melody is supplied by *Tipperary*, sung in ragged chorus, varied by martial interludes upon the mouth-organ. Despise not the mouth-organ. Ours has been a constant boon. It has kept sixty men in step for miles on end.

Fortunately the weather is glorious. Day after day, after a sharp and frosty dawn, the sun swings up into a cloudless sky; and the hundred thousand troops that swarm like ants upon the undulating plains of Hampshire can march, sit, lie, or sleep on hard, sun-baked earth. A wet autumn would have thrown our training back

months. The men, as yet, possess nothing but the fatigue uniforms they stand up in, so it is imperative to keep them dry.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. *Tipperary* has died away. The owner of the mouth-organ is temporarily deflated. Here is an opportunity for individual enterprise. It is soon seized. A husky soloist breaks into one of the deathless ditties of the new Scottish Laureate; his comrades take up the air with ready response; and presently we are all swinging along to the strains of *I Love a Lassie, Roaming in the Gloaming* and *It's Just Like Being at Home* being rendered as encores.

Then presently come snatches of a humorously amorous nature—*Hallo, Hallo, Who's Your Lady Friend? You're My Baby*; and the ungrammatical *Who Were You With Last Night?* Another great favorite is an involved composition which always appears to begin in the middle. It deals severely with the precocity of a youthful lover who has been detected wooing his lady in the Park. Each verse ends, with enormous gusto—  
"Hold your haand oot, you naughty boy!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Now we are passing through a village. The inhabitants line the pavement and smile cheerfully upon us—they are always kindly disposed toward "Scotchies"—but the united gaze of the rank and file wanders instinctively from the pavement towards upper windows and kitchen entrances, where the domestic staff may be discerned, bunched together and giggling. Now we are out on the road again, silent and dusty. Suddenly, far in the rear, a voice of singular sweetness strikes up *The Banks of Loch Lomond*. Man after man joins in, until the swelling chorus runs from end to end of the long column. Half the battalion hail from the Loch Lomond district, and of the rest



there is hardly a man who has not indulged, during some Trades' Holiday or other, in "a pleasure tryp" upon its historic but inexpensive waters.

"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road——"

On we swing, full-throated. An English battalion, halted at a cross-road to let us go by, gazes curiously upon us. *Tipperary* they know, Harry Lauder they have heard of; but this song has no meaning for them. It 'is ours, ours, ours. So we march on. The feet of Bobby Little, as he tramps at the head of his platoon, hardly touch the ground. His head is in the air. One day, he feels instinctively, he will hear that song again, 'amid sterner surroundings. When that day comes, the song, please God, for all its sorrowful wording, will reflect no sorrow from the hearts of those who sing it—only courage, and the joy of battle, and the knowledge of victory.

"——And I'll be in Scotland before ye.

But me and my true love will never meet again

On the bonny, bonny *baanks*——"

A shrill whistle sounds far ahead. It means "March at Attention." *Loch Lomond* dies away with uncanny suddenness—discipline is waxing stronger every day—and tunics are buttoned and rifles unslung. Three minutes later we swing demurely on to the barrack-square, across which a pleasant aroma of stewed onions is wafting, and deploy with creditable precision into the formation known as "mass." Then comes much dressing of ranks and adjusting of distances. The Colonel is very particular about a clean finish to any piece of work.

Presently the four companies are aligned: the N.C.O.'s retire to the supernumerary ranks. The battalion stands rigid, facing a motionless figure upon horseback. The figure stirs.

"Fall out, the officers!"

They come trooping, stand fast, and salute—very smartly. We must set an example to the men. Besides, we are hungry too.

"Battalion, slope arms! Dis—miss!"

Every man, with one or two incurable exceptions, turns sharply to his right and cheerfully smacks the butt of his rifle with his disengaged hand. The Colonel gravely returns the salute; and we stream away, all the thousand of us, in the direction of the savory smell. Two o'clock will come round all too soon, and with it company drill and tiresome musketry exercises; but by that time we shall have *dined*, and Fate cannot touch us for another twenty-four hours.

### III. GROWING PAINS.

We have our little worries, of course.

Last week we were all vaccinated, and we did not like it. Most of us have "taken" very severely, which is a sign that we badly needed vaccinating, but makes the discomfort no easier to endure. It is no joke handling a rifle when your left arm is swelled to the full compass of your sleeve; and the personal contact of your neighbor in the ranks is sheer agony. However, officers are considerate, and the work is made as light as possible. The faint-hearted report themselves sick; but the Medical Officer, an unsentimental man of coarse mental fibre, who was on a panel before he heard his country calling, merely recommends them to get well as soon as possible, as they are going to be inoculated for enteric next week. So we grouse—and bear it.

There are other rifts within the military lute. At home we are persons of some consequence, with very definite notions about the dignity of labor. We have employers who tremble at our frown; we have Trades Union officials who are at constant

pains to impress upon us our own omnipotence in the industrial world in which we live. We have at our beck and call a Radical M.P. who, in return for our vote and suffrage, informs us that we are the backbone of the nation, and that we must on no account permit ourselves to be trampled upon by the effete and tyrannical upper classes. Finally, we are Scotsmen, with all a Scotsman's curious reserve and contempt for social airs and graces.

But in the Army we appear to be nobody. We are expected to stand stiffly at attention when addressed by an officer; even to call him "sir"—an honor to which our previous employer has been a stranger. At home, if we happened to meet the head of the firm in the street, and none of our colleagues was looking, we touched a cap, furtively. Now, we have no option in the matter. We are expected to degrade ourselves by meaningless and humiliating gestures. The N.C.O.'s are almost as bad. If you answer a sergeant as you would a foreman, you are impertinent; if you argue with him, as all good Scotsmen must, you are insubordinate; if you endeavor to drive a collective bargain with him, you are mutinous; and you are reminded that upon active service mutiny is punishable by death. It is all very unusual and upsetting.

You may not spit; neither may you smoke a cigarette in the ranks, nor keep the residue thereof behind your ear. You may not take beer to bed with you. You may not postpone your shave until Saturday: you must shave every day. You must keep your buttons, accoutrements, and rifle speckless, and have your hair cut in a style which is not becoming to your particular type of beauty. Even your feet are not your own. Every Sunday morning a young officer, whose leave has been specially stopped for the pur-

pose, comes round the barrack-rooms after church and inspects your extremities, revelling in blackened nails and gloating over hammer-toes. For all practical purposes, decides Private Mucklewame, you might as well be in Siberia.

Still, one can get used to anything. Our lot is mitigated, too, by the knowledge that we are all in the same boat. The most olympian N.C.O. stands like a ramrod when addressing an officer, while lieutenants make obeisance to a company commander as humbly as any private. Even the Colonel was seen one day to salute an old gentleman who rode on to the parade-ground during morning-drill, wearing a red band round his hat. Noting this, we realize that the Army is not, after all, as we first suspected, divided into two classes—oppressors and oppressed. We all have to "go through it."

Presently fresh air, hard training, and clean living begin to weave their spell. Incredulous at first, we find ourselves slowly recognizing the fact that it is possible to treat an officer deferentially, or carry out an order smartly, without losing one's self-respect as a man and a Trades Unionist. The insidious habit of cleanliness, once acquired, takes despotic possession of its victims; we find ourselves looking askance at room-mates who have not yet yielded to such predilections. The swimming-bath, where once we flapped unwillingly and ingloriously at the shallow end, becomes quite a desirable resort, and we look forward to our weekly visit with something approaching eagerness. We begin, too, to take our profession seriously. Formerly we regarded outpost exercises, advanced guards, and the like, as a rather fatuous form of play-acting, designed to amuse those officers who carry maps and note-books. Now we begin to consider these diversions on their merits, and seriously criticize Second-Lieuten-

ant Little for having last night posted one of his sentry groups upon the sky-line. Thus is the soul of a soldier born.

We are getting less individualistic, too. We are beginning to think more of our regiment and less of ourselves. At first this loyalty takes the form of criticizing other regiments, because their marching is slovenly, or their accoutrements dirty, or—most significant sign of all—their discipline is bad. We are especially critical of our own Eighth Battalion, which is fully three weeks younger than we are, and is not in the First Hundred Thousand at all. In their presence we are war-worn veterans. We express it as our opinion that the officers of some of these battalions must be a poor lot. From this it suddenly comes home to us that our officers are a good lot, and we find ourselves taking a queer pride in our company commander's homely strictures and severe sentences the morning after pay-night. Here is another step in the quickening life of the regiment. *Esprit de corps* is raising its head, class prejudice and dour "independence" notwithstanding.

Again, a timely hint dropped by the Colonel on battalion parade this morning has set us thinking. We begin to wonder how we shall compare with the first-line regiments when we find ourselves "oot there." Silently we resolve that when we, the first of the Service Battalions, take our place in trench or firing-line alongside the Old Regiment, no one shall be found to draw unfavorable comparisons between parent and offspring. We intend to show ourselves chips of the old block. No one who knows the Old Regiment can ask more of a young battalion than *that*.

#### IV. THE CONVERSION OF PRIVATE M'SLATTERY.

One evening a rumor ran round the

barracks. Most barrack rumors die a natural death, but this one was confirmed by the fact that next morning the whole battalion, instead of performing the usual platoon exercises, was told off for instruction in the art of presenting arms. "A" Company discussed the portent at breakfast.

"What kin' o' a thing is a Review?" inquired Private M'Slattery.

Private Mucklewame explained. Private M'Slattery was not impressed, and said so quite frankly. In the lower walks of the industrial world Royalty is too often a mere name. Personal enthusiasm for a Sovereign whom they have never seen, and who in their minds is inextricably mixed up with the House of Lords, and capitalism, and the police, is impossible to individuals of the stamp of Private M'Slattery. To such, Royalty is simply the head and corner-stone of a legal system which officiously prevents a man from being drunk and disorderly, and the British Empire an expensive luxury for which the working man pays while the idle rich draw the profits.

If M'Slattery's opinion of the Civil Code was low, his opinion of Military Law was at zero. In his previous existence in his native Clydebanks, when weary of rivet-heating and desirous of change and rest, he had been accustomed to take a day off and become pleasantly intoxicated, being comfortably able to afford the loss of pay involved by his absence. On these occasions he was accustomed to sleep off his potations in some public place—usually upon the pavement outside his last house of call—and it was his boast that so long as nobody interfered with him he interfered with nobody. To this attitude the tolerant police force of Clydebanks assented, having their hands full enough, as a rule, in dealing with more militant forms of alcoholism. But Private M'Slattery,

No. 3891, soon realized that he and Mr. Matthew M'Slattery, rivet-heater and respected citizen of Clydebank, had nothing in common. Only last week, feeling pleasantly fatigued after five days of arduous military training, he had followed the invariable practice of his civil life, and taken a day off. The result had fairly staggered him. In the orderly-room upon Monday morning he was charged with—

(1) Being absent from Parade at 9.0 A.M. on Saturday.

(2) Being absent from Parade at 2.0 P.M. on Saturday.

(3) Being absent from Tattoo at 9.30 P.M. on Saturday.

(4) Being drunk in High Street about 9.40 P.M. on Saturday.

(5) Striking a Non-Commissioned Officer.

(6) Attempting to escape from his escort.

(7) Destroying Government property. (Three panes of glass in the guard-room.)

Private M'Slattery, asked for an explanation, had pointed out that if he had been treated as per his working arrangement with the police at Clydebank, there would have been no trouble whatever. As for his day off, he was willing to forego his day's pay and call the thing square. However, a hide-bound C.O. had fined him five shillings and sentenced him to seven days' C.B. Consequently he was in no mood for Royal Reviews. He stated his opinions upon the subject in a loud voice and at some length. No one contradicted him, for he possessed the straightest left in the company; and no dog barked even when M'Slattery said that black was white.

"I wunner ye jined the Airmy at all, M'Slattery," observed one bold spirit, when the orator paused for breath.

"I wunner myself," said M'Slattery simply. "If I had kent all aboot this 'attention,' and 'stan'-at-ease,' and

needin' 'tae luft your hand tae your bunnet whenever you saw yin o' they gentry-pups of officers goin' by,—dagont if I'd hae done it, Germans or no! (But I had a dram in me at the time.) I'm weel kent in Clydebank, and they'll tell you there that I'm no the man tae be wastin' my time presenting arms tae kings or any other bodies."

However, at the appointed hour, M'Slattery, in the front rank of A Company, stood to attention because he had to, and presented arms very creditably. He now cherished a fresh grievance, for he objected upon principle to have to present arms to a motor-car standing two hundred yards away upon his right front.

"Wull we be gettin' hame to our dinners now?" he inquired gruffly of his neighbor.

"Maybe he'll tak' a closer look at us," suggested an optimist in the rear rank. "He micht walk doon the line."

"Walk? No him!" replied Private M'Slattery. "He'll be awa' hame in the motor. Hae ony o' you billies gotten a fag?"

There was a smothered laugh. The officers of the battalion were standing rigidly at attention in front of A Company. One of these turned his head sharply.

"No talking in the ranks there!" he said. "Sergeant, take that man's name."

Private M'Slattery, rumbling mutiny, subsided, and devoted his attention to the movements of the Royal motor-car.

Then the miracle happened.

The great car rolled smoothly from the saluting-base, over the undulating turf, and came to a standstill on the extreme right of the line, half a mile away. There descended a slight figure in khaki. It was the King—the King whom Private M'Slattery had never seen. Another figure followed, and another.

"Herself iss there too!" whinnied an excited Highlander on M'Slaterry's right. "And the young leddy! Pless me, they are all for walking down the line on their feet. And the sun so hot in the sky! We shall see them close!"

Private M'Slaterry gave a contemptuous sniff.

The excited battalion was called to a sense of duty by the voice of authority. Once more the long lines stood stiff and rigid—waiting, waiting, for their brief glimpse. It was a long time coming, for they were posted on the extreme left.

Suddenly a strangled voice was up-lifted—

"In God's name, what for can they no come tae us? Never heed the others!"

Yet, Private M'Slaterry was quite unaware that he had spoken.

At last the little procession arrived. There was a handshake for the Colonel, and a word with two or three of the officers; then a quick scrutiny of the rank and file. For a moment—yea, more than a moment—keen Royal eyes rested upon Private M'Slaterry, stand-

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ing like a graven image, with his great chest straining the buttons of his tunic.

Then a voice said, apparently in M'Slaterry's ear—

"A magnificent body of men, Colonel. I congratulate you."

A minute later M'Slaterry was aroused from his trance by the sound of the Colonel's ringing voice—

"Highlanders, three cheers for His Majesty the King!"

M'Slaterry led the whole Battalion, his glengarry high in the air.

Suddenly his eye fell upon Private Mucklewame, blindly and woodenly yelling himself hoarse.

In three strides M'Slaterry was standing face to face with the unconscious criminal.

"Yous low, lousy puddock," he roared—"tak' off your bunnet!" He saved Mucklewame the trouble of complying, and strode back to his place in the ranks.

"Yin mair, chaps," he shouted—"for the young leddy!"

And yet there are people who tell us that the formula, O.H.M.S., is a mere relic of antiquity.

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## THE HUMBLING OF AUSTRIA.

It is difficult to withhold a measure of sympathy from Austria and her venerable ruler. That the intolerant and intolerable Note to Serbia provided the excuse for the great war cannot be gainsaid; still there is much diplomatic evidence that the last prospect of peace was not extinguished by the obduracy of the Ballplatz, but by the violence of Potsdam. Austria had been so long the Kaiser's catspaw that independent judgment could not be expected. The Serbian trouble could only have been patched up with the consent of Berlin. That there was no

intention of permitting a compromise the sequel has shown. Therefore the case against the Dual Monarchy stands on a different footing from the case against her ally. If we admit that there are many features of Austrian rule which are repugnant to our ideals of government, we must also admit the difficulties of holding together an artificial empire composed of racial antagonisms. The late Archduke Franz Ferdinand attempted to reconcile these antagonisms, and lost his life for his pains. Had he lived long enough he might have freed Austria-Hungary



from the Prussian yoke: that it galled him was evidenced in some of his speeches and actions. On his side, the Emperor William showed plainly enough his relish in the big-brother attitude. His patronage became more offensive as the resurgence of Russia made it more indispensable. The triumphs of the Balkan States reduced Austria to a condition approaching vassalage. The present war has completed her degradation. Discomfited in all directions, she has now relinquished the right to direct her own military operations. Her armies are an adjunct of the German forces, subject to German dictation, and allegiance to Germany's War Lord. And in the unlikely event of Germany emerging victorious from the conflict, what has the Dual Monarchy to gain? Broken, impoverished, and humiliated, she must accept what terms her arrogant ally may choose to impose, and as submissively as if she were a conquered State instead of a partner in the victory. She may be permitted a subordinate place in a pan-Germanic federation, but the Imperial dignity will be gone, and her Slav kingdoms and provinces will take their orders from Berlin. We repeat that Austria has as little to gain from the triumph of Prussia as has the third member of the Triple Alliance.

Of course Germany is not going to win: such an ending to the war is unthinkable. It is, however, obvious that this was the assumption upon which the Dual Monarchy consented to break the peace of Europe. That it was a false assumption does not matter. The point of interest at the moment is to discover what benefit was to accrue to Austria as an independent entity from the world-supremacy of Prussia. We know a good deal concerning the scope of Junker ambitions. If there were bounds to them at all in the immediate future they certainly

extended from the North Sea, incorporating the Low Countries, to Mesopotamia. Austria might secure the hegemony of the Balkans and a great port on the Ægean, but these successes would only pave the way for Prussian conquests that Napoleon failed to accomplish. The wooing of Turkey, the Bagdad railway, were all part of the grandiose scheme of Teutonizing the Near East and reviving the fertility of the Euphrates valley for the greater glory of Prussia. The Austrians might share in the fleshpots no doubt, but it would be at the pleasure of their masters, and as part of the Germanic Confederation. This, we hold, is the best that Austria-Hungary could anticipate—loss of independence in exchange for freedom from responsibility and from economic embarrassment. Final defeat means the same thing without the advantages. Begged in power and purse, shorn of all her non-German elements, Austria from very impotence must enter any regrouping of the German States upon which the conquering Powers may agree. That is the logical conclusion if the war is fought to the bitter end. Austria as an empire will have ceased to exist. Her land forces will have become indistinguishable from the Kaiser's. There will be no discrimination in apportioning the blame, the penalties, and the indemnities. But should the dupe suffer in the same degree as the instigator? Is this supreme and useless sacrifice necessary on the part of an historic Power which has never shared in the blind hostility of Prussia towards us, and certainly never sought to quarrel with us?

We anticipate all the arguments regarding loyalty to an ally, and we respect and share them. Nevertheless a nation can only do its best. Austria has put forth her best, and has failed. As a fighting entity, she is now practically indistinguishable from the German armies. Her generals have been

superseded; she can defend her own territories only with the sanction and at the convenience of Potsdam. This is a crowning humiliation. When the tide of war turns materially in favor of the Triple Entente, Austria will collapse sooner than her partner. She will be more vulnerable. While her remaining forces are helping to bar the way to Berlin on east and west, part of Russia's millions, with her Slav allies, may be overrunning Hungary and marching on Buda-Pest and Vienna. Italy may be seeking to win her right to part of the spoils, and Rumania liberating her co-nationals. The question arises as to the limit of a State's obligation to an alliance. Does it extend to a hopeless, helpless acquiescence in political annihilation—to self-sought destruction as an independent Power? We do not propose to answer the question: we are satisfied to put it forward as a proposition for the consideration of Austrian public opinion, and of those who like ourselves do not feel the keen resentment against the Dual Monarchy which we have for the other Germanic peoples. However

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much we may disapprove of certain grave aspects of maladministration, of the harsh suppression of signs of disaffection, of the tyrannical compulsion of unwilling service, those are internal matters which affect us only indirectly. All we have to bear in mind is Austria's policy towards ourselves and our Allies, especially in the light of our reasons for entering into the conflict and her responsibility for plunging Europe into war. If we decide that the bombardment of Belgrade was deliberately undertaken with this object in view, then there should be no discrimination. If on the other hand we conclude that Austria has been the tool and dupe of Prussia, then the time is coming when it may be well to consider if a Power which has mainly shown us friendly interest and sympathy is to be made to suffer for her folly to the last dregs of degradation, or can be given some honorable way of retreat after she has exhausted her own resources in the endeavor to fulfil her treaty obligation to an overbearing and unscrupulous taskmaster who has brought her to ruin.

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## THE RESTORATION OF POLAND.

For the first time in two centuries the Poles are in luck. The three Powers which in successive partitions destroyed their national existence have fallen out, and each side in this universal war has promised them in some form and in some degree the restoration of their unity. There could be no more dramatic proof of the magnitude of the shock which this war has dealt to the accepted system of European policy. For generations the joint responsibility of Russia, Austria, and Prussia in the crime of Poland's destruction has been a guilty bond between them. To maintain the partition

was always a guiding principle to Holy Alliance and Drei-Kaiser-Bund. When, from time to time, relations grew uncomfortable, conservative voices in the three Empires would hold up a warning finger, and declare that nothing must be said in haste and anger which might arouse the hopes of the Poles. When a serious revolution in Russia seemed imminent, a reactionary organ, "Rossia," a newspaper which was reputed to be the mouthpiece of the late M. Stolypin, published a statement in which the Poles were warned that if a revolution should occur, the Kaiser would march to the Tsar's as-

sistance, much as the Tsar Nicholas occupied Hungary in 1849.

All this belongs to the past. Russia, in an official proclamation to the Poles, has promised to recover from her enemies the portions of old Poland which belong to Austria and Prussia, and to give them something which is rather vaguely called "autonomy." The German plan was announced even earlier. We have not seen the full text of it, but apparently it promised the union of Russian and Austrian Poland (we hardly suppose that German Posen was included) under an Austrian Archduke. In either event the Poles stand to gain. The Germans have themselves accepted the principle of Polish nationality, and they will have no right to complain if the Allies invite them to contribute something towards its realization.

It is time, however, to consider the views of the Poles themselves. They demand unity and self-government, but their demand is likely to take the form of a claim for the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland. They would probably welcome, as a second best, "autonomy" within another Empire; but that is not their ideal. Among their present masters, they prefer the Austrians to either of the others, and as decidedly they prefer the Russians to the Germans. Austria has given them a fairly satisfactory form of Home Rule. She pets their aristocracy; she tolerates their Socialists; she does not repress their language; and, of course, she fosters their church. Russian rule has meant, in addition to all the usual police methods, the absence of any sort of self-government, the suppression of the Polish language, and a policy towards the Catholic Church which fell far short of toleration, and used to amount to active persecution. German rule means the enjoyment of ordinary civil rights, and also liberty of religion,

but the heavy efficiency of the German bureaucracy, combined with the spirit of Zabern, have done even more than the policy of "plantation" and the forcible expropriation of Polish landowners to make German rule odious to the Poles. The Russian is always a human being, fallible, inefficient, and corrupt at his worst, sympathetic, genial, and charitable at his best. The German is either a pedant or a drill-sergeant, and it is the way of subject races to prefer a human chaos to a mechanical order.

The dream of the old kingdom of Poland is never likely to be realized in its extreme form. The Poles at the height of their prosperity were a conquering race, who held in subjection a great extent of territory which can never be restored to them. Poland must mean an ethnological unity. Its frontiers must include no districts in which the Poles are not the decidedly preponderant majority. We are not sure that even this definition could be pressed without some reserves. Parts of Prussia which once were Polish have become, by assimilation and emigration, the most German parts of Germany. It is a curious irony of history that the man who did more than any other to create the modern German chauvinism, Treitschke, was himself a Pole. No one in this country, we hope, would listen to proposals for the alienation of East and West Prussia, of Hanseatic Dantzic, and of Kant's Königsberg. Russia, we imagine, would be equally averse from such a policy. Nor is it at all likely that anything resembling the old monarchical Republic of Poland can be restored. A modern independent Poland must be either a democratic Republic or a conventional monarchy with a constitution. It is obvious, too, that an independent Poland would necessarily remain in close economic connection with Russia. Even if Dantzic were made a free port,

industrial Poland could not dispense with the Russian market, and would be starved if the Russian tariff excluded her textiles and her hardware.

We can think of no more decisive way of turning our backs upon all the evil anti-national past of Europe, with its military conquests and its dynastic settlements, than the restoration of Poland. It would mean on a great scale the sort of thing which the restoration of Major Dreyfus to his rank in the army meant in the internal politics of France. It is good to end our European tragedies with a really dramatic "curtain." By such deeds we shall announce that a new era has dawned. But none the less, we would not sacrifice too much to drama. In this instance we believe that good drama is also good politics, and that for several reasons. In the first place, if we assume that Germany and Austria will be required to disgorge their bits of Poland, it would certainly be easier to ask them to contribute to an independent Poland than to aggrandize Russia. It would be like asking a man who has done you wrong to give something to a charity, instead of fining him and pocketing the fine yourself. It is conceivable that this solution might be accepted much earlier in the war than sheer downright annexation. It would be infinitely less humiliating, and would therefore cost less blood today, and less bitterness to-morrow. Russia, moreover, would contribute the largest share of territory, and in that superficial sense she would lose, though she would gain immeasurably by winning the Poles as her friends and allies. The settlement which would exact the less blood to establish, would also require the fewer armaments to defend. In plain words, the Germans would be much less likely to plot or arm against an independent Poland than against a Russia which included parts of what was lately their own

territory. There is a certain security in the modern world for any settlement which rests on intelligible lines of race and history. Poland, indeed, was partitioned, but all the world has ever since thought of this deed as a crime. An Empire enjoys no such sanctity. Empires were made by the sword, and the plain man is apt to think that they are fair game for the sword.

These are reasons why it seems to us that an independent Poland would be at once the easier and the securer solution from the European standpoint, apart altogether from its appeal to the imagination. From a purely Russian standpoint, there is much else that may soon be said and certainly will be thought. Russia, if she decides that the solution is to be Polish autonomy, must either disappoint the Poles or make discontent among her own people. If she gives the Poles a genuine democratic system of self-government, she may please them, but she at once sets the rest of her subjects asking why true orthodox Russians should be treated less liberally than these westernized Catholics. That was the reason why the Finnish Constitution was once destroyed, and again infringed. It is also the reason why the first Alexander's liberal Polish Constitution was never restored after the great insurrection. If, on the other hand, the "autonomy" granted to Poland was illusory, timid, and unreal, another difficulty would at once make its appearance. The united Polish people would agitate for fuller rights, using every half-concession to extort more, and the fresh millions of Polish subjects added to the Empire would only serve to swell the volume of the demand for liberty. There is here a difficult dilemma for any Russian Government, and no solution of it could be quite final short of a reconstruction of the whole Empire on liberal and federal lines. Because there is no sign at all

that governing circles in Russia are contemplating so vast a change as that, it is conceivable that their interests might agree with those of Europe to favor the creation of an independent Poland. With a Russian nominee for its King, and a Customs Union, it would be bound far more closely in reality to Russia than a discontented

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autonomous Poland could ever be. Independent, it would be a buffer and also a buttress; autonomous, it might prove to be a source of disruption. We are nowhere near the moment when this momentous question must be decided. But it is certain that the Poles may hope for much; it is not unreasonable to hope for everything.

### BELGIUM'S GRAY BOOK.

With the publication of the Belgian Gray Book of "Diplomatic Correspondence Relating to the War of 1914," we are able to follow in still greater detail the tragic events of July and August which preceded the ravaging of Belgium. We have even now not got the whole story. That probably will remain hidden until the archives are opened many years hence. But several new points touched were only hinted at in the English, Russian, and German correspondence already published.

Concern about its probable fate in the quarrel of its two powerful neighbors sprang up very early in Belgium, as is shown by a despatch of July 24th from the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Belgian Legations in the various great capitals. It was decided that for the present no announcement must be made of Belgium's determination to defend its neutrality at all costs, as that would be to meet troubles half way. It is only a week later, July 31st, that the order for mobilization followed, after the small Belgian Army had been put on a strengthened war footing two days before. Between these dates it would appear that the Belgian authorities had hoped that the whole affair would be settled without a European conflagration, as is shown by a communication on July 27th from the Bel-

gian Minister in Berlin to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Brussels.

This documents runs as follows (No. 6):—

According to a telegram from the British Chargé d'Affaires in Belgrade, the Servian Government has given way to the Austrian Note on all points. It will accept the collaboration of Austrian officials, if this can be shown to be in accordance with international law. The Chargé d'Affaires thinks the reply must give satisfaction unless Austria is determined on war, and the general feeling is more optimistic to-day, as hostilities against Servia have not yet begun. The British Government proposes the intervention of England, Germany, France, Italy at St. Petersburg and Vienna to find a basis for conciliation. Germany alone has not yet given its reply. The Emperor will decide."

Here, if the information of the Belgian Minister is correct, is the first ominous intimation that all is not well with German policy. The reply to Sir Edward Grey's proposal is delayed, and delayed, as we learn for the first time, in order that the Emperor might give his decision. What that decision was, how it shut the door on all attempts at mediation, Europe was very soon to know.

On the 31st the French Minister announces (in No. 9) the outbreak of war between France and Germany,



and gives assurances that "no incursion of French troops will take place into Belgian territory, even if large forces should be massed on the frontiers. France would not like to take the responsibility of committing in regard to Belgium the first act of hostility." On the same day we are informed of Great Britain's attitude (No. 11), which has already been explained in our own White Paper. It was also on the 31st that an important conversation took place between the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs and Herr von Below, the German Ambassador in Brussels. The Belgian Minister pointed out that in 1911, in the course of a conversation over the fortification of the Scheldt by Holland, Herr von Below's predecessor had given definite assurances that in the event of a Franco-German war Germany would respect Belgium's neutrality; that Herr von Bethmann Hollweg himself had repeated these assurances; and that Herr von Jagow, in the course of the debate in the Budget Committee of 1913, had made equally reassuring statements. "The German Minister replied that he was aware of this conversation with his predecessor, and said that he was certain that the sentiments expressed at that epoch had not changed." It was within two days of this date, and after solemn assurances of this kind, that the German ultimatum to Belgium was delivered. Even on August 1st Herr von Below, although he explained that he had not yet been charged with making a formal declaration to respect Belgium's neutrality, assured the Minister of his own personal opinion as to the security of Belgium with regard to its neighbors on the east (No. 19). At 7 o'clock on the evening of August 2nd came the official German ultimatum, with its series of specious charges that France was making exactly the breach of Belgium's neutral-

ity upon which Germany's plans were based. The insincerity of these accusations were so patent that Herr von Bethmann Hollweg himself, in his famous speech in the Reichstag on August 4th, appears to have been ashamed to use them. That same evening comes a strange incident, an example of the confusion and panic which seems to have seized on Germany's diplomatists at this time of crisis—fit, indeed, to rank with the extraordinary conversation between Sir Edward Goschen and Herr von Bethmann Hollweg after the declaration of war (the "scrap of paper" interview), and with the fantastic interview between Count Portales and M. Sazanof in St. Petersburg, when the former handed in the wrong paper as an ultimatum.

At 1.30 A.M. (we are told in No. 21; that is to say, in the early morning of August 3rd) the German Minister demanded to see the Secretary General. He said he had been informed by his Government that French dirigibles had thrown bombs, and that a patrol of French cavalry had violated international law, and crossed the frontier without a declaration of war. The Secretary General asked Herr von Below where this had taken place. He answered, "In Germany." The Secretary General replied to this that in that case he could not understand the object of the interview. Herr von Below said that these acts were contrary to the law of nations, and were of such a nature as to lead one to suppose that other acts contrary to the law of nations would be committed by France.

Never has a diplomatic crime been bolstered up by feebler or clumsier excuses than this. One is driven almost to amazement at the inefficient way at which Germany was managing its own Machiavellian scheme. The reply of Belgium, the appeals to England and France, and the promises of assistance quickly follow. No. 26 from

the Belgian Minister in London is short and definite:—

I have shown your telegram to the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Sir Edward Grey), and he has communicated it to the Cabinet. The Minister has informed me that if our neutrality is violated, there will be war with Germany.

This telegram is dated August 3rd. On August 4th comes a more formal statement from the British Minister in Brussels:—

I am charged to inform the Belgian Government that if Germany exercises pressure to force Belgium to abandon her rôle as a neutral country, the Government of Great Britain expects that Belgium will resist with all the means in its power. The British Government is prepared to join with Russia and France, if Belgium desires, in providing her, without delay, a common assistance in resisting measures of pressure employed by Germany, and at the same time in offering a guarantee to maintain the independence and integrity of Belgium in the future.

Our offers of assistance do not appear to have been limited to Belgium, for on August 4th the Belgian Minister telegraphs from London:—

*The Economist.*

The Minister of Foreign Affairs has made known to the British Ministers of Norway, Holland, and Belgium that England expects these three countries to protect their neutrality against the pressure of Germany. In their resistance they will be supported by England, who is ready to co-operate with France and Russia. . . .

The second attempt of Germany to win over Belgium, after the fall of Liège, is described in detail in several telegrams, and is too well known to need repetition here. There is, further, an interesting side issue in which Belgium suggests to England and France that the African colonies of the belligerents should remain neutral. France at first seems disposed to agree to this proposal; England, however, rejects it for reasons which are entered into at length in the correspondence, and France finally takes up the same position. It is to be hoped that the Government will soon follow its own example in the publication of the Russian Orange Book, and place a reprint of the Belgian Gray Paper in the hands of English readers. At present it is almost impossible to obtain a copy.

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## WHO GOES ADVENTURING?

Gentlemen Adventurers, in days of long ago,  
Ruffled it from Wapping Stairs round to Plymouth Hoe,  
Watched their ships a-fitting and, as soon as it might be,  
Drained the tankards, buzzed the girls, and took their ways  
to sea.

Where they fared they little cared, or when they came again;  
What they sought was less than nought, yet more than most  
attain—

Liberty to do and be all they had never been,  
Fill the eye with seeing and the heart with having seen.

*But who goes adventuring, adventuring to-day?*

*Well, here's a one, and there's a one, and more of us beside,  
Aboard the outward-bounders on the Mersey or the Clyde:*

*The sailing ports have changed, perhaps, but not the sailing  
breed;*

*So sign an' sail wi' us, if it's adventure that you need.*

Gentlemen Adventurers !' days of Good Queen Bess  
Dreamed of Eldorado, would content with nothing less;  
Sold their share and portion of the housen, goods, and gear,  
Sailed to seek another life and carve a new career.

Staking all, to stand or fall upon the game they played;  
Won the main and staked again; or lost, and starkly paid:  
Lost, and in the losing won the larger, longer game,  
The makings of an Empire and the honor of the name.

*But who now goes answering the Eldorado call?*

*There are plenty of us yet that will answer to the call,  
And sell our sole possessions and forsake our ancient all,  
To join the newer nations, and upon their raw-new rim  
Find plenty of adventure to help getting 'em in trim.*

Gentlemen Adventurers who took the Spanish Main  
Sailed their gallant cockleshells to beard the King of Spain;  
Ran a circle round the globe in clumsy little craft  
Scarce as big as fishing-boats in 'burden, beam, and draught.

Undismayed what odds they played in seas or men or ships,  
Facing death with even breath and jests upon their lips,  
Searching oceans all unknown, and marking in their wake  
Paths the pioneers would prove and colonists would take.

*But now, who goes a-searching, a-searching for the track?*

*Uncharted seas are getting scarce, but, far out and alone,  
You'll find us in the Arctics yet, or trying on our own  
To cross the desert, climb the range, locate the mountain gap,  
And carry on the good old game of marking up the map.*

Gentlemen Adventurers, beneath the seals of Kings,  
Plundered through the Indies that for all their plunderings  
They brought to double riches through peaceful truck and  
trade;

Helped them hold their treasure-chest, and traffic unafraid.

What they took they ne'er forsook, in gold or government;  
Satisfied to guard and guide a people well content;  
Safe to build and barter and to reap where they had sown;  
Building up the fortunes of their vassals with their own.

*But who now goes a-building, a-building up a throne?*

*Perhaps you've never met with us upon an Island cruise  
Or firing camp and kingship over any blacks we choose?*

*The Near East on Fire.*

*We break 'em with our rifles and we mend 'em with our peace,  
And cocoanuts, and copra trade, and they—and we—increase.*

Gentlemen Adventurers in fighting days of old  
Hunted both the hemispheres for glory and for gold,  
Snuffing, like the war-horse, the battle from afar,  
Homing with the eagles on the sight and sound of war:

Hot a-foot for fight or loot of town or treasure train,  
Just as quick to join or pick the quarrel bare of gain;  
The first in the forlorn hope, the last to leave the breach,  
Making war a sport and trade to live and learn and teach.

*Now, who will go a-riding, a-riding to the wars?*

*There aren't wars enough to-day to keep us all in jobs,  
But you may find a few of us in most the fighting mobs.  
And in our country's battles the address of me an' mine  
Is still the same old Number One, Front Rank, The Firing  
Line.*

Boyd Cable.

The Cornhill Magazine.

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## THE NEAR EAST ON FIRE.

Turkey has gone to war with Russia and therefore with Russia's Allies. Germany and Austria may claim to be successfully reaping where they have perseveringly sown. For practical purposes the influence of Germany at Constantinople may be dated from the massacres of the Armenians in the days of Abdul Hamid. The thrill of horror which then ran through Europe and which Mr. Gladstone voiced with something of his old eloquence did not disturb Germany. On the contrary, it gave that very singular exponent of European civilization her opportunity. The Kaiser visited Constantinople in state and took the blood-stained Sultan in his arms. The world learnt that a trifling episode like the cold-blooded murder of a few thousand Christians was not to deflect the military and commercial policy of Germany: it might be useful to it, and was useful to it. But the final Balkanic victory of Germany

and the Triple Alliance did not begin till the end of 1912. The rather dreary story of the repeated diplomatic humiliations suffered by the Triple Entente in the eighteen months beginning with December, 1912, is still more or less fresh in our memories. It is enough to recall now that, from the check given by the Concert to the Balkan Allies down to the Servian ultimatum flung by Austria in Russia's face, the narrative is one long succession of aggression on one side and submissive yielding on the other. At the beginning Germany and Austria made the discovery that England did not think the Balkans worth the risk of a European war. On this they traded persistently and successfully. One after the other the Christian Balkan States had to suffer. Bulgaria was deluded into an insane and ruinous war; Servia was shut out from the Adriatic; Greece was expelled from Northern Epirus while Italy was left

the holder of thirteen Greek islands. Albania was made the plaything of Austrian and Italian intrigues. As a final humiliation to the Triple Entente came the Turkish reconquest of Adrianople in point-blank defiance of the distracted Concert.

The result of this final failure was that the Near East in general and the Turks in particular awakened to the truth that the Concert of Europe was not a reality and that the diplomatists of the Western Powers could be defied with impunity. It need not be suggested that our diplomatic failure in the Balkans was due to incompetence. Our policy in the Balkans was guided by an honest wish to remain on good terms with Germany and to avoid a European war. When German statesmen, with tongue in cheek, hailed Sir Edward Grey as *arbiter mundi* it may be that the English people were deceived; it does not follow that Sir Edward Grey and his advisers were also deceived. The weak point of the whole business lay in the unhappy fact that the militarist parties in Germany and Austria were not the sort of men to be conciliated by patience and concession. They found that bluff paid: therefore they went on bluffing. The war which we strove so hard to avoid presently came. In the meantime the Balkan Christians had suffered and Constantinople had become a political annex of Berlin.

Turkey, treacherous and double-dealing to the last, has committed herself to war in a thoroughly characteristic fashion. It is possible enough that the historical retribution so long overdue for her centuries of wicked and incompetent government has at last come. In the meantime, there is a military position and political contingencies to be thought of. The Young Turks can count on something like half a million armed men, though of unequal efficiency. In the past the repeated fail-

ures of Ottoman armies have usually been set down to corruption, disorganization and the arrogant stupidity which makes the Turk the worst administrator in the world. We are told now that a few hundred unsympathetic German officers, mainly military, will be able to counteract these traditional Ottoman defects. This is at least doubtful. Moreover, we must remember that the mongrel race whom we call Turks are very much a minority in what remains to them of their Empire. They only number a few millions: their subject races—Greeks, Arabs, Armenians, Druses, and Maronites—hate them intensely. They can only count on a very doubtful friendship among Jews and Khurds. As Austrian unity and efficiency are to German, so are Turkish unity and efficiency to Austrian. That proportion is quite the most optimistic that can be claimed for Germany's new ally.

It is not likely that such acquisition of strength as Germany may gain from the Turks will long remain unbalanced. Italy, it is true, shows no disposition to go to war at present. Quite possibly somewhat more has been made of the war party in Italy by English and French newspapers than the electoral strength of that party yet justifies. Roumania also remains an enigma to the foreigner. On the surface Roumania has much to gain and little to fear from ranging herself on Russia's side. But the policy of a neutral State at such a moment is often determined by causes which do not lie on the surface. Before deciding to intervene Roumania would naturally have to settle terms with Russia about the partition of Transylvania. It is possible that she has asked too much, or has found Russia a hard bargainer. Moreover, at her back Roumania has Bulgaria, about whose continued neutrality she may have justifiable doubts. Bulgaria owes Roumania something



more than a grudge. It is probable, though not certain, that the Bulgarians will remain quiet, unless the Turks are foolish enough to attack them. Bulgarian politicians have been intriguing with the Turks and an agreement was undoubtedly reached between their Minister at Constantinople, M. Ghennadieff, and the Young Turks. Political societies in the two countries have also had dealings. But the Bulgarian Government has never, it is fair to say, ratified the Ghennadieff agreement. Moreover, Bulgaria is not a despotism, and the politicians have peasant electors to reckon with. The peasants consider themselves Slavs—as they are, more or less—and it would be extremely difficult to get them to fight against Russia or Russia's cause. They love the Turks even less than the Servians and the Greeks. For the Bulgarian politicians to induce their people to fight against Russia would be as hard a task as for the Italian Government to get its conscripts to fight for Austria.

On the whole, Bulgaria's politicians are probably acute enough to see that their wisest policy is to work for the recovery of Adrianople and Northern Thrace, with possibly some Macedonian concession from Servia as a result of Russian mediation. But the natural local ally of England and France in the Balkans is Greece, which would be

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an ally by no means to be despised. The Greeks have 300,000 serviceable soldiers, and their old weakness—untrained officers—has to a large extent disappeared. They have a small but workmanlike fleet, and their seamen and pilots are far the best in the Levant. Moreover, they have a growing merchant marine, the only large one in the east of the Mediterranean, and this, for transport purposes, might be of great value. Their patriotism, their intelligence, their democratic instincts range them against Germany and Austria, from whom, allied with the Turks, they know they could expect no mercy should the Triple Entente be beaten. If they can see their way to liberate another contingent of their countrymen from Turkish slavery the Greeks might be prepared to face the burden of a third war. In general it may be pointed out that all the Balkan States except Albania have a military value, and that if the English and French Governments desire assistance in that quarter it is unimaginable that they will not be able to obtain it on very reasonable terms. If the French and English Foreign Offices have any real sympathy with the Christian races of the Near East they have now a great opportunity. For once they can both succor the oppressed and at the same time serve the interests of their own countries.

*Plinthos.*

## THE WISHBONE.

One of the most fascinating things in life is occasionally to take time and think on the significance of little actions, to remember them as links in the great chain of humanity that stretches back and back into dim ages and brings us into touch with the beginnings of things when we like to believe that the world was fresh and

beautiful, and untainted by the vile necessity for making money or waging war. In certain families certain formalities are religiously observed, the division of the wishbone, the rites consequent on the upset of the salt-cellar, the correct procedure to observe on walking beneath a ladder. All these are punctiliously car-

ried out, but their real significance has usually become obscured by the mists of time. How many realize that they carry us right back to the days of familiar gods, of spiritual powers to be propitiated and sacrificed to—the time when men lived very close to the heart of things, when the veil of Nature was so thin that in places it seemed possible to rend it and see beyond into the regions of the supernatural? The tendency of civilization has always been to build a fence round mankind. The savage or the member of the early races is obsessed by the sense of his defencelessness—of being set solitary in the midst of a waste controlled by invisible forces infinitely stronger than himself, against which his only chance was by any means to win their goodwill. Communal life, cities, families, all tended to deaden this sense of oppression. Daring experiments resulted in his partial control of the very forces that had seemed to threaten him most. Men learned both to evoke fire and to destroy it, to chain the power of water or the electrical fluid in the air, to look upon these things as servants instead of worshipping them as gods. In time this sense of mastery led to the inevitable contempt born of familiarity, and doubts crept in that there might be nothing beyond what could be seen or at all events realized. Forces were tabulated, docketed, measured, put into classes and categories of various degrees of usefulness; their personality and majesty and the awe they formerly bred were lost in blue books and primers and treatises. This was the downfall of what we know as superstition. Why should a man who lived in a city and turned the flood into pipes and taps fear drowning or destruction of his property, and sacrifice to the god of the flood tide? Why should a man who was guarded by police and received the news of the world by wire and cable enquire of an

oracle who sometimes refused to answer as to the success of his business undertaking? Only in the countries and districts where imagination held a more important part than dry fact did belief in omens and supernatural portents linger. The people of Devon until recent years consulted the White Witch, the girls of the Green Isle of Erin still visit the wishing wells and keep up the glamour of hallowe'en, the man of the town or city from instinct still avoids a ladder, or throws the salt over his shoulder, or uncrosses the knives with no clear insight into the reason for so doing. Why is it, then, that recently we have had a recrudescence of fortune-tellers' stories of prophecies made 600 years ago, and now fulfilled, of horoscopes and palmistry, and omens of every description? Is it not that once more the defences of civilization are crumbling, that the wall man has built up all round himself has proved to be as flimsy as the materials of poets' dreams, that once more he has come face to face with primitive powers and realized himself to be the pigmy that individually he is? A feather to be tossed on the wind of circumstance, he turns to signs and omens from these powers to seek his destiny. Desiring victory in battle, he seeks for proof in horoscopes and prophecies and curious utterances of sibyls or mind-readers; wishful of the downfall of his enemy he gathers consolation from any stray scrap of evidence which may tend to reassure him of that end. Curious coincidences are found which lend color to his desires, and are published as sober facts. The men on the battle-field, nerve-strung and over-wrought, prone to set false values on any occurrence they cannot measure by the ordinary standards of life, are credited with seeing visions, with receiving ghostly warnings, and with the gift of foreseeing happenings which afterwards actually

occur. The same phenomena have been known in all callings of life attended by acute physical danger—the sailor on his ship, the miner in the bowels of the earth, have many times received warnings of impending danger, much as the savage in the bush or the wild beast in the jungle at the mercy of an unseen enemy becomes aware of his presence before it is manifested.

In the past, in the times when peace and the ramifications of an elaborate civilization have bred the feeling of security, these things have many times been investigated, been put on one side merely as "idle superstitions," or by the more scientific labelled as the working of a subconsciousness of

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which we have no knowledge in ordinary conditions of existence. Now, in a time of upheaval and stress, such as we are living through, tales of superstitious origin are published in serious journals as sober fact. Are we to take this as a first step towards a revival of interest in the supernatural, after the days of material belief in which we have been living? Scientists themselves have been asserting their increasing conviction in the fallibility of the laws they had regarded as inviolate. Once more imagination and personality and romance seem about to play a part in the ordering of our lives and the economy of Nature.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Girl readers will find "Fairmount's Quartette" by Etta Anthony Baker (Little, Brown & Co.) one of the most attractive books of the season. It is an intimate and diverting story of life at a girls' academy, and the central figures in it, the merry four, are the same close friends and playmates who have romped through the pages of three earlier stories. They are now seniors, and have taken on some dignity in consequence, but they have not lost their interest in school sports and pleasures. Proximity to a flourishing boys' academy affords opportunities for a mild sort of romance; but there is no excess of sentiment, and the story is simple and natural. There are four well-drawn illustrations by Charles M. Relyea.

The most obvious criticism upon Helen Dawes Brown's "Talks to Freshman Girls" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is that it is too brief. It is so sensible, so well-considered and so tactful that

its less than one hundred pages might easily have been extended to twice that limit without wearying the reader. But over-brevity is a fault which may easily be remedied in later volumes, and it is a fault, moreover, which the reader rarely feels keenly. The subjects which engage Miss Brown in her four "Talks" are the use of studies, which she expresses in Bacon's phrase, as serving "for delight, for ornament and for ability"; the useful art of "real reading"; the use of the pen; and the conditions and needs of "everyday living." Touching all of these she has something wise, practical and helpful to say; and she says it forcibly and sometimes pungently. Freshmen girls who read these talks will do well to give all of them that which is especially recommended in the second,—*"real"* rather than hasty and superficial reading.

In "The Blind Spot" Justus Miles Forman has given us the character

history of Arthur Stone, an intellectual giant who believes that he has found the solution of the world's problems. His alchemy is common-sense. All forms of emotion are mere froth on a sea of lies. In striking contrast to Stone is a dear old lady who appears as an almost allegorical impersonation of love. Love is her alchemy. Life in a rather dramatic and picturesque way gives Arthur Stone the opportunity to try out his case of common-sense versus love. The decision is convincing not alone to the reader but to Stone himself who sees where once he was blind. "The Blind Spot" is well thought out and well worked out. It leaves the feeling that the general trend of things is toward a larger humanitarianism, a nearer approach to the era of brotherly love. Harper and Brothers.

The modern story is generally a study in psychology. It is as a rule concerned with sex psychology or with pathology. Jeannette Lee's "The Woman in the Alcove" is neither the one nor the other, and yet it is modern and it is a psychological study. A man accidentally discovers that his wife has a soul side, a spiritual something entirely unknown to him. It eludes him, he pursues it. It is the everlasting principle of the pursued and the pursuer, but it is a question of spiritual desire and satisfaction. The woman, although belonging to the rather old-fashioned type of self-sacrificing, self-repressing wife and mother, still feels the modern pressure for full self-expression. The way in which this need for self-expression is satisfied and the manner in which the man by chance discovers that he is missing something, and goes to work to get it, make a wholly delightful story. "The Woman in the Alcove" affords scarcely more than an hour's reading, but it holds the reader's pleased interest

from the first word to the last. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Bambi" by Marjorie Benton Cooke leaves a clean sweet taste in the mouth and a sense of its loveliness in the heart. There are practically only five characters in the book; Bambi, her husband, her father, her might-have-been lover, and the cook Ardelia, although certain New York theatrical managers in their own names and persons make stage appearances. Bambi is so perfectly charming that one begrudges her nothing, not even the almost miraculous success which rewards her every effort. In the beginning Bambi's husband seems a highly improbable type of young dreamer, but in the end he proves himself only another, and perhaps the greatest, of Bambi's successes. Bambi's father is rather fantastic, but one is willing to overlook it because he is the parent of Bambi. The character of Ardelia the negro cook shows a knowledge of negro dialect rarely exhibited in modern fiction. Doubleday Page & Co.

Any venture is successful according to the measure in which it realizes its intention. The realization sometimes outmeasures the intention, and this is true of Amy Lowell's latest book of poems "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed." In the title poem of the book is the expression of the author's creed. That creed is a return to the Greek theory of beauty for beauty's sake, absolutely divorced from all didactic intent, and strongly emphasizes the importance of the exact word. Miss Lowell has the mastery of winged words that convey to the mind pictures vivid with light and color. Her imagery is original, striking and very beautiful. There is little use of the abstract; her pictures are concrete. However Greek Miss Lowell's ideals may be her poetry is

modern. It embodies modern concepts; things hitherto considered commonplace are made beautiful. There is a fascination about such poems as "Patience" or "The Old Wall" or half a dozen others that might be mentioned. "The Forsaken" is most beautiful in simplicity and power. "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" is remarkable as the expression of a modern viewpoint with a Greek love of beauty. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard's volume upon "Famous War Correspondents" (Little, Brown & Co.) comes at a time when there is an intense and world-wide interest in the greatest war ever known, but when the war correspondent is so oppressed by the rigors of official censorship that he has few opportunities either to win distinction for himself or to enlighten the public. Conditions were different when William Howard Russell won his spurs as a most vivid and accurate reporter of the Crimean War, our own Civil War, the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian War, or when his close rival, Archibald Forbes of the London Daily News, disputed preeminence with him among newspaper readers. The chapters describing the exploits of these two leaders in their profession are of thrilling interest; and scarcely less so are the biographies of MacGahan, the American, whom Archibald Forbes magnanimously described as "the most brilliant" of all the men who had gained reputation as war correspondents; of Villiers, artist as well as correspondent; of the late Bennet Burleigh; of the five Vizetellys; of George Warrington Stevens; of Charles Carleton Coffin, foremost among the correspondents in our Civil War, and of other leaders in this perilous department of journalism. There is no "padding" in the book. The stories

of the conditions under which these war correspondents worked, the risks which they took, and the results which they achieved are told graphically but compactly. Eighteen portraits illustrate the biographies.

An intimate and extremely interesting interior view of an unusual family group is furnished in "Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott" selected and edited by Jessie Bonstelle and Marian de Forest (Little, Brown & Co.). The editors have had access to letters exchanged between the Alcott parents and their children, and to the copious journals kept by Mr. Alcott, and they have been fortunate in selecting passages that are most illuminating, and connecting them by a thread of narrative. Altogether, it was a curious household, living for years upon the verge of want, by reason of the highly impractical husband and father, but cherishing the highest ideals and bound together by ties of the deepest affection. The average child nowadays would take it unkindly if, at the Christmas season, affectionate but more or less admonitory letters from his parents took the place of tokens upon a Christmas tree; but that was the method that Mr. Alcott pursued, and his children seem to have liked it. Mr. Alcott regarded his children, from their babyhood, as material for psychological study; and he carried his zeal so far that, by the time that his first child, Anna, was five months old, his recorded observations of her growth and character filled one hundred pages. During this period, as he explained in his diary, he was attempting "to discover, as far as this could be done by external indication, the successive steps of her physical, mental and moral advancement." The book is illustrated with family portraits and fac-simile letters.